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Selections.

GREAT MEETING IN COVENTRY, ENG.

ELOQUENT SPEECH BY GEORGE THOMPSON.

A PUBLIC meeting was held in St. Mary's Hall, in Coventry, Eng., on Thursday evening, the 2d ult., "to sympathize with the Emancipation policy of the present government of the Federal States of America, and express disapprobation of a rebellion, the professed object of which is the establishment of a nationality based on slavery." The large hall was densely crowded in every part; only a few ladies were present. Before the time for commencing the meeting (eight o'clock), it became pretty evident that a "row" was brewing, as a number of dirty blackguards, well liquored for the occasion, were posted in different parts of the hall, and kept shouting and stamping their feet, as though practising for the coming event. The Rev. T. Atkins, who seemed to be their oracle, had taken a seat on the platform in front. In consequence of not being able to procure a cab at the railway station, the chairman, C. H. Bracebridge, Esq., of Atherstone hall, was a few minutes behind, and about seven minutes past eight Mr. Atkins, who had an amendment to move, and who seemed nervous lest he should not have the opportunity of doing so, rose and proposed to the meeting that after waiting a short time longer, if no one else appeared to address them, he would move his amendment in the form of a resolution. This suggestion was received with rapturous applause by the noisy portion of the meeting. About a quarter past eight, however, C. H. Bracebridge, Esq., George Thompson, Esq., Councillor Hickling, Messrs. C. Bray, John Cash, and T. Wyles, made their appearance upon the platform, amid a perfect storm of groans and hisses, which were replied to by loud cheers, which lasted for several minutes. Among the audience, near the platform, were the Rev. W. L. Clay, the Rev. E. H. Delf, Dr. Brown, Messrs. A. Startin (Exhall), J. Burdett (Allesley), W. Franklin, A. Atkins, N. Hill, Ransford, etc., etc.

The Coventry *Herald and Observer* occupies several of its columns with a report of the proceedings, which, throughout, were characterized by rowdy interruptions similar to those which were made at anti-slavery meetings in this country in other days. How it happens that the brutal "secesh" element is so rampant in Coventry particularly, we are not informed; but we know of no more appropriate place to which it deserves to be sent. After the Chairman and other gentlemen had attempted in vain to obtain a quiet hearing, and the Rev. (!) T. Atkins had aired his scurrilous vocabulary, to the gratification of his drunken backers, basely charging George Thompson, Esq., with having gone to America from mercenary considerations, Mr. Thompson took the platform, and delivered the following scathing speech.—*Liberator.*

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

George Thompson, Esq., rose, and was received with such a storm of cheers, hisses, groans, and shouts, that it was some time before he could get a hearing at all; and even after order had been in some degree restored, the interruptions were so frequent that it was with the utmost difficulty the reporters could catch what was said. Sometimes the uproar rose to such a pitch that three or four minutes elapsed without their being able to catch a single word. As he proceeded, however, the interruptions became less and less frequent, until at the close of his speech, it was quite clear there was a large majority in favor of his views. Mr. Thompson said:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I will endeavor to compress the remarks which I have to make into the smallest possible compass, and will address you with the most perfect calmness and good humor. For thirty years, at intervals, I have had the privilege of addressing public assemblies at Coventry, and the principles I avowed are the same which I now advocate. I will venture to say there is not an unfriendly voice in this assembly, who knows what the principles of my life have been (hisses and confusion). If there be any here to-night who have come to assail me, they can have no other motive except some inducement which has been furnished them beyond these walls to come here and suppress this discussion (uproar). No Englishman, who is worthy of the name, and who is not a disgrace to his humanity, will ever oppose a man before he has heard him (hisses and groans). How can you hiss and try to groan me down, when at present you cannot know what I am about to say? (Cheers followed by uproar.) If you have been influenced by that foul and malignant slander which has been uttered here by this so-called Reverend libeller, I can only tell you that I defy him, and those whose degraded mouthpiece he has been, to prove a single assertion he has uttered (cheers, groans, and great confusion). He has dared to brand me as a mercenary—to say I left England to advocate abolition in America for the sake of gain. I tell him he lies in his throat (great applause and uproar).

I am not asking your kind attention for a party purpose. The words I shall address to you to-night are not those of party men. During the last quarter of a century my public life has been identified with the great struggle for human freedom going on in America. It was the greatest honor of my life, during a period which has been alluded to to-night, that when I might have won distinction and wealth in the legal profession at home, I took my life in my hands, and, without receiving one penny or a crust of bread from any man, I went to America to endeavor to arouse our brethren there to strike off the shackles of their bondmen, as they had been struck off in the British dominions (cheers and groans). I have labored with the Abolitionists of America in their own country; I have corresponded with them from these shores; and I am here to give the most direct, emphatic and absolute denial to the shameless falsehood promulgated against them—that they have ever, during their career as an anti-slavery party, disseminated one single sentiment tending to raise the hand of a slave against his master (cheers). Never, until this unhappy war broke out, and a conflict took place between two great political parties—never was a movement conducted with more moderation, or in a more peaceable and Christian manner (cheers and hisses), and if the man who has promulgated this wholesale charge does not produce his evidences before a Coventry audience, he ought never to be tolerated again (loud cheers). What wonder, after the specimens we have had from his lips to-night of his temper and regard for truth, that the great and good man (H. W. Beecher) with whom he sought to converse in America, and who, perhaps, knew him better than I do—for I was unaware of his existence until this evening—should facilitate his progress to his door, and tell him never to enter his house again? (Cheers and loud laughter.)

You are asked, to-night, to do two things. On the one hand to express sympathy with as many of the people in the Northern States of America as are in favor of the abolition of negro slavery, and on the other hand you are asked to express your deep detestation of the attempt now being made to bring into the Commonwealth of nations a doctrine that God made one race to be the slave of another. Now the question comes, is such an attempt being made? Are you asked to recognize a government based upon the darkened minds and crushed souls of a whole race of human beings? You are asked by the Southern Confederacy, you are asked by certain journals in this country that have espoused the cause of the South, you are asked by the amendment which has been read to you to-night, which I shall preserve as a curiosity, and never look upon without mingled feelings of pity and contempt for the author (cheers and hisses). Working men of Coventry, I am to-night what I ever have been, not less the hater of oppression wherever it may exist (cheers). Those of you who know me know that the gold is not accumulated which could bribe me to advocate an unjust cause (loud cheers. Mr. Atkins here created a disturbance, and said something we could not catch). Gentlemen, I find its of no use denying the charges brought against me by the mover of the amendment; the creature is at his dirty work again, coining fresh ones (loud cheers and confusion). There is one unhappy class of men who, judging of others by their own degraded natures, can never believe in a man doing even a good deed, or advocating a good cause, without being paid for it. They think their own low motives are the motives of every one (cheers). The next time this slanderer attempts to bring charges against any man, I would advise him to look beyond himself (tremendous cheering). Working men of Coventry, I did not misjudge you; I knew that you would not allow a man to be basely and baselessly maligned, and not give him the opportunity of replying.

The speaker then went on, at great length, to show the causes of the present struggle in America, and the objects the leaders of the rebellion had in view. He said the degradation of the negro race was only part of the scheme of degradation which the Southern States intended to carry out. They proposed that every man that labored should be the property of the man who employed him—that was the doctrine preached by them. He had a letter from a leading man in Kentucky, who said the first act of the Confederacy, when it became firmly established, would be to disfranchise all the mean whites, as they are called (A Voice—"I don't believe it"). A gentleman had said he did not believe it—then he did not believe the South—and the misfortune in this country was, that the public were willfully misled, because they did not believe the Southern leaders themselves (cheers). The writer of the letter he referred to was Mr. Calhoun. He (Mr. Calhoun) laid down the doctrine in 1836, that the employer should be the sole representative of the labor and capital; that, he said, and said most truly, would put an end to all ground of disagreement respecting the rights of labor.

They had heard something that night about the high tariffs in America. He would not defend a tariff of any kind—everybody knew his sentiments upon that subject; but let it be remembered as an historical fact, that in every tariff passed, save only the Morrill tariff, a majority of the Southern members voted in favor of them (loud cheers). Among the reasons assigned by Southern men for secession from the North, never had a tariff been alluded to (cheers)—no secession document alluded to it, nor was it mentioned in the Southern platform. He knew it was the fashion in England here to speak of the quarrel as originating in a disagreement respecting tariffs, but in England only. It was also the fashion here for men to say they sympathized with the slave, and desired to see him emancipated. Well, if they sympathized with the slave, they would sympathize with the party who wished to set him free (cheers). Among the Republican party in America was every man in that country who really sympathized with the slave, and desired his emancipation. A hundred times had Lincoln said he was an Abolitionist in his heart—over and over again had he declared that his sole reason for not attempting to carry out abolition in the loyal States was, because he would not violate his oath to the Constitution. They must always, in discussing American politics, remember that an American was a citizen as well as a man. As a man, he might share the feelings of most Englishmen with regard to the negro, and desire his freedom; but, as a citizen, his action was necessarily limited by the provisions of the Constitution of 1788, which he had taken an oath to defend. That Constitution provided that slavery should exist in certain States, and therefore he could not, without violating his oath, take measures for the accomplishment of the immediate and forcible emancipation of the slaves in the loyal States. He could only leave it to the legitimate action of Congress. But if slavery could not be abolished, it could be prevented from spreading further. Therefore they (the Republican party in America) took their stand upon the declaration—hitherto had slavery gone, but it should go no further (cheers). The platform of the other party was, "The continuation of slavery in every portion of the Territories; that the negro was an inferior race, and every man who had a drop of negro blood in his veins was by right the servant of the white man" (cries of "Shame").

There was a great deal said on this side the water about the present being a war of independence. It was a great battle of ideas—a struggle between the two principles of human freedom and human slavery (cries of "No, no"). What was the use of crying no, no? They might as well go out, and no, no to the moon, and see if they could darken her visage by so doing (loud cheers). How silly it was to cry no, no, when the very friends they served said yes, yes! He had before him a pamphlet written by the Hon. L. W. Spratt, of South Carolina, a man of great influence in the South. In it he laid it down clear and distinct, that the war originated in the idea of freedom in the North, and slavery in the South. The speaker then quoted a passage from Mr. Spratt's book in confirmation of his statement, and continued—Can there be any hesitancy now on the part of Englishmen as to the origin of the war, and the side they ought to take in the struggle?

Mr. Atkins—There is.

Mr. Thompson—Not out of bedlam (loud laughter). He (Mr. Thompson) would ask that great assembly, would they sympathize with slavery? (Loud cries of "No, no.") If any one assumed to do so, let the fetters be shaken in his own face; drag his wife from his arms, deflower his daughter before his eyes, and he would soon become as great an Abolitionist as George Thompson himself (loud cheers). Many had been induced to give their sympathies with the South, because they had the prestige of victory. But let them look at the matter as it stood on the 13th of April, 1861; the President could not enforce the authority of the State over a single square yard of the Southern States. Now, this anti-slavery Governor, elected by anti-slavery men, had recovered over 47,000 square miles of territory and brought back to obedience a population of more than a million souls (cheers). There was a part of South Carolina in the occupation of the Federal army; Maryland; part, and the best part, of Virginia; Kentucky; a large part of Louisiana, Western Florida, and the Peninsula of Florida, all recovered to the Federals. He thanked God for having raised up such a man as Abraham Lincoln to rule over 20,000,000 of men at such a crisis. When the Americans wanted an honest man for the Presidential chair, they lifted up Abraham Lincoln (loud cheers). In his (the speaker's) wildest dreams of what was to be accomplished in America, in this generation, he had never anticipated that so much could have been achieved for freedom, as had come to pass within the last three years. Three years ago, the American flag protected whatever cargo a ship might carry, for the right of search was denied to British cruisers—and the meeting must remember that that was when the government of America was under the Southern influence. Now, Mr. Lincoln had granted the right of search of all American vessels. Under the old American government, the nationality of Hayti was not recognized, and not even so much as a petty Consul was allowed for the protection of its subjects in American seaports. Now he read of the President receiving the black representative at Washington (cheers). Many other great and good measures had been passed during the Lincoln administration; but all had been crowned by his granting emancipation to three million negroes held to bondage in the revolted States. The American Union and Emancipation now went hand in hand together—now, for the first time since the commencement of the Union, all men were equal. The Attorney-General, at Washington, had given a decision which affirmed that the naturalized African in the States was a citizen, and entitled to all the privileges of a citizen (loud cheers). On these grounds, he asked the meeting to give its support to the government which had done, and was prepared to do, so much for freedom (cheers and a few hisses).

[The result of the meeting was, the adoption, by acclamation, of an Address to President Lincoln, signed on behalf of the people of Coventry, assuring him of their highest admiration, and their most earnest and heartfelt sympathy and approval, as follows:]

To the Hon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *President of the United States.*

HONORED AND HONORABLE SIR: We have watched with great interest the foundation and growth of the Republican and anti-slavery party in the United States. We thankfully recognize the political justice, religious worth and friendliness to England by which it has ever been characterized, and we hail with great joy its advent to power in the election of yourself as President. The rebellion of a portion of your States is declared by its chief promoters, and by its public prints, to be for the extension and permanence of slavery, and we note with alarm the increasing violence with which they urge the support of Divine law, and human right, for the traffic in the bodies and souls of men. This rebellion was begun, not from your anti-slavery action, but from the known anti-slavery opinion of your political party. It was also begun under circumstances that imply treason on the part of the previous rulers of the United States, and which enabled the revolted States to constitute a power before you could possibly take action against it. The war in which you are involved was thus thrust upon you, and was as inevitable as deplorable. The constitution of a nationality upon the basis of slavery would be an outrage upon religion and humanity—a blot upon modern civilization, and a curse both to the enslavers and enslaved. Your consistent and determined efforts to prevent this command our highest admiration, and have our most earnest and heartfelt sympathy.

Though the present unhappy contest was avowedly begun for the preservation of the Union on one side and the extension and permanence of slavery on the other, we have ever felt confident it must inevitably drift into an anti-slavery war on the part of the North. Such it has already largely become, and whilst we honor the political integrity that has limited your anti-slavery action to the powers conferred by the Constitution, and the exercise of the unquestioned prerogative of Commander-in-Chief, we rejoice in the magnitude of those measures by which you have declared the freedom of millions of our colored brethren as equals under God, treated for the suppression of the slave trade, and legislated for peaceful emancipation by purchase in the loyal slave States. We profoundly grieve that the influential classes of our country have so largely sympathized with the pro-slavery rebellion in the United States. We deplore the apparently culpable negligence of our government in permitting the departure of the Alabama from our shores, and we emphatically condemn the ignorance, cupidity, concealment, and misrepresentation that have so largely characterized our press in reference to the American contest; but we can unhesitatingly assure you that the people of this great country are heart and soul with you in your glorious struggle for the majesty of man, as man, and for the equality of human right.

Sprung from the same Anglo-Saxon stock, you and we must ever be one in the bonds of brotherhood. No greater calamity could afflict mankind, nothing could so much tend to check the progress of civilization, as a collision between your country and ours. It may be the policy of the Slave Power in your country and its mercantile, monied, and political sympathizers in this, to provoke hostile feeling between the two nations. Let it, then, be the great work and determination of the anti-slavery philanthropists and Christians in both countries to cement our union and our love, so that, being one in race, religion, social law, and the yet dearer ties of family relationships, we may march on hand in hand, under the one banner of love to God and love to man, and become increasingly the pioneers of the highest forms of civilization, the symbols of human freedom and progress, and a blessing among the nations of the earth.

Finally, we assure you of our profound sympathy in the great calamity that has befallen you, and of our heartfelt and sincere prayers that He who overrules all events for the ultimate good of His people may grant you a happy issue out of your present great affliction.

Signed on behalf of the people of Coventry, in public meeting assembled,

CHARLES HOLTE BRACEBRIDGE, J. P.,
Chairman.

[The Coventry *Herald and Observer* comments as follows.]

The meeting held last week "to sympathize with the Emancipation policy of the present government of the Federal States of America," was a great success, notwithstanding the efforts of those to disturb the meeting whom *The Standard* had expressly invited to hear Mr. George Thompson *quietly*. Mr. Simon Burne had, previous to the meeting, entertained a select party of friends with beer from the White Horse, and they certainly did not go to the meeting to *hear* Mr. Thompson or any one else, although Mr. Hancox put the questions, so much to the point, suggested by *The Standard* about what Mr. Thompson now thought of a big loaf, etc. All who did listen, we think, might have been convinced that the cause of the North was the cause of freedom; that the present Republican government there was elected to power to put a check on slavery and prevent its further spread; that the rebellion of the South was the consequence; which now wants to found an empire, larger than Europe, of which slavery shall be the chief corner-stone; that slavery is the greatest blot upon civilization and the greatest curse the world has ever known; cursing alike the slaveholder, the land, the white laborer—to whom labor has become a degradation—and the black slave; and that the demand of the South for independence, that it may have full and unrestrained liberty to rob its black fellow-men of wife and child, and property, and even of their own bodies and souls, is about as reasonable as if Newgate were to secede, set up for itself and demand *its* independence. We have no doubt but that the voice of Coventry, on Thursday week, however attempted to be stifled and drowned by poor, ignorant, drunken Tory partisans, will be favorably heard in America, and will tend considerably to the enlightenment of public opinion here, and to the conviction that "the cause of the South is the most hateful, the most enslaving, the most debasing tyranny that has been on the face of the earth for a thousand years."

ABOUT BLACK REGIMENTS.

BY LIEUT. GEN. T. PERRONET THOMPSON.

From The Bradford (Eng.) Advertiser.

WHENEVER the Americans set about their work like business men, they will show us some colored regiments after the model which has answered so well in the hands of the English, in all the places where they tried it. If in India there were outbreaks and disturbances, they always arose from the incapacity of the ruling powers to keep a contract with the soldier. The last bloodshed and misery was the consequence of as direct an act, as if the second James had ordered the foot guards to mass, and thereupon there had been an explosion. There might be other causes of discontent to back it up, but this would have been what fired the train. Inasmuch as there is no intention to recommend the imitation of this part of the policy, no more on it need here be said.

The Army List announces that besides the Indian native army there are in the British service three West India regiments, principally native Africans, and a Ceylon regiment consisting of Ceylonese or Malays. In all these the duty goes on to the satisfaction of the most fastidious Adjutant, and without a shadow of the difficulties American genius conjures up as the consequence of the mixture of colors and the dark complexion of the rank and file. The white officer lifts his head as proudly as the subaltern in the guards, and at the Governor's ball nobody asks him what color are his men. If anything, he passes for a man on a peculiar duty, and therefore having claim to peculiar honor. He must be acquainted with the prejudices and feelings of strange men, and able to bend them to the public good. He stands in somewhat of the position of the officer sent to improve the discipline of foreigners, who is everywhere considered as "on a particular service," and a confidential man accordingly. Everybody likes to get away from the monotony of the barrack-yard and the drill-sergeant, and to be distinguished by any trivial difference, were it only a tuft or feather of a different color.

On the interior organization of these troops the writer does not speak from the same knowledge as with regard to the native Indian regiments; but he apprehends there will be no error in essentials. Everybody enters as a private, except those the government gazettes as Ensigns to begin with. In each company, besides sergeants and corporals, is as in the rest of the infantry, a company's sergeant-major, but is understood to be at present denominated color-sergeant. All these have good pay and pensions; and to these the enlisted soldier rises as fast as he has acquired the talents. In the first corps raised, it seems inevitable that these should in the first instance be white; but afterwards it would be policy to supersede them by men promoted from the ranks, aided by transfers from regiments previously formed. How, or if ever, a native of Bambarra is brought to the faculty of producing a parade statement which his officer, not being a professor of Arabic, can benefit by, is a mystery to be gathered only on the spot. But no such difficulty would exist in the case in view; where there would be an abundance of men fitted with all temporal learning, and wanting only to have acquired the knowledge that when right is in front left is the pivot, which is desirable in a non-commissioned officer. One yet more confidential grade there is, which would undoubtedly in time become the the prize of some of the enlisted men; namely that of regimental sergeant-major, or what the French call *adjutant sous-officier*. This would as naturally fall to the share of the best non-commissioned officer, as promotion on a plantation.

Here then let it be hoped we see the end of the nonsense talked about the incompatibility of men of different complexions in the same military body; and that friends in America will find out there is no more difficuly in reaping the harvest of victory by black sinews under the direction of white knowledges, than in bringing home a cotton crop. Shall this be declined because the rebels would not like it? Finally, if you see any of the pretended friends of the colored people advising them to quarrel with the terms, set him down as a rogue; for it is not within the compass of possibility to be such a fool.

THE FREEDMEN AT ALEXANDRIA.

THEIR IMPROVED CONDITION AND CHARACTER.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1863.

SEVERAL very interesting and novel exhibitions of negro character came to my knowledge during our visit to Alexandria, mentioned in a previous letter. Many evidences were gathered from the testimony of Mrs. Jacobs, who is sent here by philanthropic friends in New York, and from Miss Wilbur, who represents a charitable association in Rochester. It will give great satisfaction to many persons who have interested themselves in this humane cause to know that their gifts of clothing and other articles have been as judiciously applied as they were imperatively needed. These two ladies have been energetically occupied in this self-sacrificing work, and there is no doubt that the sufferings of the negroes have been greatly alleviated by their untiring zeal. Much credit, also, seems due to Mr. Gladwin, who has spent several months in the place, acting as superintendent, without receiving assistance from the government.

RAVAGES OF THE SMALL-POX.

It is only within the last three or four months that there has been any attempt to exercise supervision over these wanderers. Previous to this their sufferings must have been terrible. It does not appear that at any time more than two thousand have been gathered here. Accustomed always to be provided for, they found themselves without food, shelter or clothing, and gladly crept into any sort of refuge. Added to their misery, sickness in its most fearful form—the small-pox—stole in upon them, and what the authorities would not attempt for humanity's sake, they were forced to commence for the safety of themselves and those about them. In two months seven hundred of these fugitives died of that terrible disease. A hospital was established four miles out of town, to which patients were removed, and where they were visited by a surgeon once in two days. Their only nursing came from the hands of one or two of their own race, unused to such an occupation. They soon came to dread the thought of going to this hospital, and the poor creatures would hide away when seized with the fatal malady, oftentimes to die unknown and unattended. After a while the barracks were built, and the rooms hired out to those who could best afford to pay the rent which was demanded; the more helpless, meanwhile, remained in the hovels and sickly places near the river, where we saw them.

IMPROVEMENTS.

With this exception, however, their condition has been marvellously improved. A very good house in the town has been taken and devoted as a hospital for the women. It sadly needs repairs, but its establishment is a step in the right direction. Besides the school in the barracks there are our others in the city, which are self-sustaining, one containing one hundred and fifty pupils.

THE CHILDREN.

It is an astonishing fact, which ought to be placed upon record to the honor and credit of this debased race, that out of the two thousand people collected at Alexandria there are four hundred children sent daily to school. The first demand of these fugitives when they come into the place is, that their children may go to school. The teachers bear universal testimony that they learn with astonishing facility, a fact verified by our personal observation. Another surprising fact is, that the poor negro women had rather toil, earn and pay one dollar per month for their children's education, than permit them to enter a charity school. These and other evidences of qualities hitherto unrecognized in the negro character must revolutionize the preconceived opinions of many of us. We are told by Mr. Gladwin that in all his experience with these people he has known of but one instance of theft, when a little girl hid away a book which she was trying very hard to read. Earnestness, perseverance, aptitude and a keen sense of honor and laudable pride have been astonishingly developed in the new relations of life which these people have taken upon themselves.

INCIDENTS.

They dislike exceedingly to be called "contrabands," and frequently deny that they have ever been slaves. Neither will they, if they can avoid it, wear any clothes which resemble in pattern their plantation dress. Striped dresses sent from New York of the same style as the coarse cotton fabrics which they have learned to hate, but of a much superior quality, they utterly refused to wear. The most common of charges against the negroes is, that they are lazy and will not work unless compelled. Throughout the investigations in our journeyings from hovel to shanty we did not find but three men idle. One old man, sick with cough, and whom we saw at the Woman's Hospital, replied to our question if the government supported him:

"No, massa; all de guv'ment does is to let me sleep here. I brought some money with me from Leesburg, and I pays for all my medicines and tings; an' my four boys are working in Washington—dey supports demselves. No, tank God, I'se independent ob dat."

Very near to this Woman's Hospital is an old one-story brick building. Its moss-grown roof, the broken windows and crumbling door-ways, have a tale of their own to tell. Built in obedience to a bequest of Washington, which was to keep a school forever free to the poor of the city, for generations it served to fulfil his dying wish, until secession came. Should we wonder that men who were quick to dishonor the common country, to be called whose Father has been Washington's brightest glory throughout all the world, have robbed the poor of this place of his parting legacy? They stole the fund; and since then the building has been used as a sort of hospital for the negroes. It soon became dangerous to the neighborhood, for these unfortunate people lay on the bare floor dead and dying, with little if any medical attendance. Finally, they were removed to the upper story of an old mill by the water side. We clambered into the place, up a rickety ladder. It was a complete realization of destitution and misery. Of course the sick died there. To return to the school of Washington, or Lancastrian school as it is called. It is now used for the self-supporting negro school of one hundred and fifty scholars mentioned above. If, as I believe it does, the spirit of the patriot hero is about and with us, no consequence of this wicked rebellion more rejoices his soul than this last disposition of what remains of his bequest.

The wisdom and necessity for the appointment of the special commission could not have been made more apparent than by the investigation which has taken place at Alexandria and in this city. The facts will at once be presented to the Secretary of War, with a practical plan of organization for the best good of the negroes and for the honor of humanity and the country.

A COLORED SURGEON.

A colored man named Augusta, not a full-blooded negro, has just been commissioned by the Secretary of War as a surgeon, and is walking about the streets within Major shoulder straps. He received his medical education at Toronto, Canada. When he appeared before the examining board of surgeons they refused to examine him, although he bore an order from Mr. Stanton. A simple statement to the Secretary of War of this fact brought forth another order, which was rather imperative. Dr. Augusta was then put through a squeezing process which few surgeons, in or out of the service could have sustained unscathed. The fun of the thing is, that it is highly probable that Augusta knew more than all his questioners. At any rate, against their prejudices they were obliged to give him a certificate that he was competent for the duties and responsibilities of a brigade surgeon. He will soon be doing good service no doubt. WARD.

DENYING SUFFRAGE EVEN TO SOLDIERS!

ANOTHER PROOF THAT THE NATION IS RUINED!

TELL the drunkard or the debauchee that he is a ruined man, and he will stare upon you with astonishment, and frown upon you with indignation. So is it with this nation. She is annoyed and angry at the charge of being ruined. Nevertheless she has been ruined for more than forty years. From the sad hour, when Slavery triumphed over Freedom in the Missouri Compromise, down to the present no sadder hour, she has never ceased to be a ruined nation.

Our nation saw a fierce and mighty rebellion spring up within her borders and ripen into the organization of an independent government. She saw here and there her little Peace army, or rather armed police, betrayed into its hands; and here and there the rebels plundering her treasuries. She saw them so bold as to fire at her ships, and seize her forts, and build up fortifications over against her own. Nevertheless (thing unheard of in the history of nations!) she did not move. Why did she not? Simply because she could not? Why could she not? Simply because she was ruined.

It is true that the news of the taking of Sumter proved that the nation was not entirely dead. This electric shock detected some lingering remains of patriotism. But that President Lincoln, though loyal and loving the right, was nevertheless incompetent to avail himself of the occasion and to strike effectively for her salvation, was among the painful proofs that the nation was still ruined. In common with the nation he was drugged and debauched by slavery. How then could he suddenly rise up in earnest resistance to the rebellion it had prompted? Oh could we have then believed that the military necessities of the country would justify his summoning to his standard every slave in the land, how soon would the rebellion have been put down! Or even had he gone no farther than to summon to it, at that nick of time, the slaves of the revolted States. Are we told that the people were not yet prepared for so strong a measure? They were; and never since so well. Moreover, the measure itself would have completed the preparation—would have supplied any possible lack in it. Nothing is so mighty to convert men to the right as bravery for the right. The fearless and unhesitating leader is the one they love to follow. Had the tide in our nation's affairs been taken at the Sumter flood it would have led her "on to fortune." But our leader lacked the courage and decision to take it. Through his timidity and indecision it was left to subside, with but little profit having come of it. And alas, how has her voyage since been "bound in shallows and in miseries!" The enthusiasm kindled by the outrageous and infamous assault on Sumter was suffered to pass away. Very soon the people sank down into a willingness to hear demagogues and traitors prate about the Constitution. In none but a ruined nation can the people, at the very time when the life of their nation is struck at, give ear to such prating.

Does this late-in-the-day call upon the blacks to enrol themselves in our army prove that our nation is not ruined? Far from it—especially so, since the government has not the manliness to promise to see to it that captured blacks shall, instead of being murdered or sold into slavery as the rebels threaten, be treated as prisoners of war.

I referred to this prating about the Constitution. It continues unabated to this day. Anxiety lest we may lose, not the country, but the Constitution, is no less irrational and is infinitely more ruinous than would be anxiety to save, not the man from drowning, but his hat from going down stream.

I, who have never spoken nor written one word against the Constitution, and who have spoken and written more words for it than did ever any pro-slavery man living or dead, can afford to say that this prating for it has made "Constitution" the most offensive of all the sounds that strike upon my ear. "Slavery" itself is to me a less disturbing word than this one under cover of which slavery is hypocritically served.

I spoke of the continuance of this prating. In reply to every proposition for a more vigorous prosecution of the war, we are still met with the cry: "The Constitution! The Constitution!!" And even now, when we would help on the war by allowing the soldiers of the State of New York to vote at her elections, we are met by this same cry. Surely, surely, we have here another proof that our nation is ruined.

How commanding are the reasons for allowing them to vote! No other class of men have so emphatic a right to vote for the rulers of their country as these, who are periling their lives for her and doing more than any and all other classes to save her. There is no other class of men whose rights we should hold so sacred. Then to convince them that we love them and stand by them, we should hasten to recognize all their rights and to facilitate their exercise. Moreover, that they may be inspired to do their utmost for their country they must see that they are regarded, not as her armed defenders only, but as still her citizens—and her citizens not robbed of, but protected in, their rights by their fellow-citizens whom they have left at home. A European army is for the most part made up of the dregs of the population—of men without acknowledged political rights and without character. Very different is our army. It is composed of those, who, besides being our superiors in patriotism and courage, are our equals in rights, intelligence and character. Let this be borne in mind by all who would disfranchise them. I add that there is no other class of men, whom we should feel ourselves so strongly bound to honor and to gratify in every possible way as our noble and beloved soldiers. Another argument for allowing the soldiers to vote is, that here one of them who is a Democrat and there one of them who is a Republican will, under some excuse or other, go home to play his part in deciding a hotly contested and doubtful election. This, besides damaging the efficiency of the army, furnishes just ground of complaint, now to one of the parties and now to the other. Nevertheless the temptation to this violation of duty is too strong to be successfully resisted by all. American citizens, educated, as they are, to prize the ballot, and accustomed, as they are, to cast it, cannot easily school themselves into contentment with not casting it.

But it is claimed that the framers of the Constitution of our State intended that voting at our elections should be always in person and never by proxy. Our pro-slavery demagogues have made so much account of the pro-slavery words of some of the framers of the Federal Constitution, that the habit of interpreting a Constitution in the light of what its framers intended has come to obtain all over the country. But in point of fact the intentions of its framers as such are not to be allowed to enter at all into the interpretation and meaning of a Constitution—no, no more than the intentions of the scrivener, who wrote the deed, into the interpretation and meaning of the deed. What the people who adopted it intended by it is the only legitimate inquiry at this point; and what they intended by it is to be learned solely from its letter where that is unambiguous. Nay more—where the purpose is to defeat rights (and suffrage is among the highest rights), we are not at liberty to seek help outside of the letter of the Constitution.

The letter of the Constitution in the case before us is entirely free from ambiguity. It clearly leaves it to the Legislature to say how the voting shall be—whether in person or by proxy—whether it shall be all in one way—or a part in one way, and a part in another. It does say that a part of the voting shall be by ballot; and it might as easily have said that all voting shall be in person. But it does not say it. What it would have said, had it spoken on the point, is an utterly impertinent inquiry. Moreover it is a fair, not to say irresistible inference, that inasmuch as the Constitution does at one point, and only one point, prescribe the manner of voting, it intended to leave it to the Legislature to prescribe it at every other. I add that were it our custom to vote by proxy no one would regard such voting as repugnant to the Constitution. But clearly if with that custom it would not be unconstitutional, the lacking of that custom cannot make it unconstitutional. Not custom, but the Constitution, determines what voting is constitutional.

So far as the Constitution is concerned, the Legislature may provide that all the voting be by proxy. I admit that such a provision would be unwise. I admit, too, that I can conceive of no other case than that of the soldiers in which it would be wise. In their case it would be, not only for the reasons I have mentioned, but because the soldiers are so numerous. I would not, for the sake of accommodating a comparative handful of aged or infirm men, have our States allow so objectionable a mode of voting as is that by proxy. But for the sake of securing the rights of half a million to a million of soldiers I would not only have them allow it, but I would denounce the denial of it as unreasonable and unrighteous—a high crime against both the soldiers and the country.

For one I shout with joy, and I would have every other lover of his dear country and of her dear defenders do so, that there is not one line nor one word in our State Constitution against voting by proxy.

I said that our nation is ruined. She is. But I have never despaired of her recovery from her ruin. Few things inspire me with so strong a hope of this recovery as the growing disposition to let the army vote. They who meet the rebels face to face, know better how to vote than do we who keep ourselves at a safe distance from the foe. Aye, and they have better earned the right to vote. If either of us must be disfranchised—I, who remain amidst the comforts and safety of home, or he who welcomes the sufferings and perils of the soldier; I, who know the rebels but by hearing of them, or he, who knows them by seeing and feeling them; I, who but read of the battles, or he, who has part in them—then, in the name of reason and religion, let it be I and not he.

GERRIT SMITH.

Peterboro, April 20th, 1863.

FREE LABOR UNDER UNION RULE AT THE SOUTH.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST is the name of a small but fertile "Parish" (answering to our County) of Louisiana, lying on the Mississippi and Lake Pontchartrain, some thirty miles above New Orleans. It is one of those which President Lincoln was most unfortunately induced to exempt from the purview of his January Proclamation of Freedom, and had in 1860 a population of 3,336 free persons and 4,596 slaves, mostly engaged in sugar-making. Under Gen. Banks's arrangement, a good share of its slaves have been induced (the word is hardly strong enough for the fact) to remain with and labor for their masters, with a promise of some small recompense for their labor out of the crop when sold—for, though still slaves by Louisiana law, the Confiscation Act of Congress and that forbidding the return of fugitives by our army render their practical retention in bondage difficult and precarious. The planters and their overseers, however, are doing their best to keep things as nearly in the old ruts as possible, in sanguine anticipation of "the good time coming," when the detested "Yankee" shall be driven from "the sacred soil," and slavery again be all in all.

Among these planters, however, is Mr. T. P. May, a native Louisianian, who, regarding the rebellion as a blunder and a failure, has resolved to conform in good faith and as a loyal citizen to the change which has been inaugurated, and which he believes irresistible. He was asked last Winter to run for Congress, and replied that, though he had no political aspirations, he embraced the opportunity to proclaim his unconditional adhesion to the Union cause. This was enough to expose him to the deadly hostility of the great mass of his brother planters, whose Unionism is wholly superficial. Last September his plantation was swooped down upon by a thousand rebel guerillas, who proclaimed the confiscation of his property by the rebel government, but were compelled to fight before they could consummate their purposes. His negroes fled in terror at the approach of the guerillas and have not generally returned; so that he was obliged to harvest what the guerillas left of his crops by free white labor, fired at $35 per month.

He commenced this year's industry entirely on a free basis, hiring forty Germans for the year at $12 per month and board, and one hundred negroes at $8 to $10 per month and board, and has now growing six hundred acres of cane, three hundred of cotton and three hundred of corn. So well is he pleased with the workings of free labor that he recently invited a party of his New Orleans friends, including Col. T. B. Thorpe, well known in this city, and two or three revenue officers, to take a steamboat trip with him to his plantation, and see how well things went on there. They went accordingly; and at 5 p.m., on a fine April day, Mr. May and his friends landed at May Lawn, as his place is named, to find that the neighboring planters, whose threats that he should not raise a crop by free labor he had disregarded, had that day united in a raid upon his plantation, hunting his hired negroes with fire-arms, and severely wounding seven of them. The rioters then rode over the place in gangs of ten or a dozen, crushing down and destroying the young and tender plants, and finally "skedaddled" at the appearance of the steamboat, taking off two of the laborers with them. Mr. May and his friends, after a mournful visit, returned next evening to New Orleans, having obtained the names of the ringleaders in devastating his property and shooting his hired men, which he immediately communicated to Gen. Bowen, Provost-Marshal, by whom they were transmitted to Gen. Banks; but, up to the latest advices, the criminals were exulting in perfect impunity, though the scene of their felony lies directly on the Mississippi, about half-way between the two Union strongholds, New Orleans and Baton Rouge.

We have often been triumphantly asked "If free labor is preferable to slave, why does it not demonstrate its superiority in the practical economy of the South?" This outrage on Mr. May supplies the answer. Free labor has never been allowed fair play in the cotton and sugar-growing region, and never will be while slavery prevails there. Had any person chosen, at any time these forty years, to work a large plantation by free labor alone, his neighbors would have found means to nip the experiment in

in the presence of our military authority, and the traffic has been aided by its management. The honor of Kentucky is tainted by this meanest of all the forms of the slave trade, and the respect of the people at large for her title to slave property is destroyed by the mingling of it with this robbery. We do not believe that the class which has the great interest in slaves in Kentucky desire this traffic. It is for their interest that it should be broken up, and we presume their instincts are the same way. They should take the initiatory in bringing the legality of the detention of these blacks before the United States Court. And whether they do or not, the President and his subaltern military officers should not allow our army to be used to aid this base traffic.

We notice by the following in another number of the Frankfort *Commonwealth*, that still another member of this patriarchal family of Bynum, has fallen into the hands of the Kentucky slave-traders. Let the public read this attractive personal description, and ponder on what is here advertised to be sold:

NOTICE.

THERE IS COMMITTED TO THE JEFFERSON COUNTY JAIL AS A RUNAWAY slave, a negro girl calling herself ELIZA. She is about 18 years of age, bright mulatto, medium size, blue eyes, quite likely and intelligent. Says she belongs to Joseph Bynum, of Tishamingo County, State of Mississippi.

The owner can come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or she will be dealt with as the law requires.

March 6, 1862.—1m. W. K. THOMAS, J. J. C.

From The Tribune.

Gen. Burnside's capital Order No. 53 of April 28, forbidding Union officers and soldiers to interfere in or impede the operations of any civil process in the State of Kentucky, having in view the recovery of slaves of citizens of the State, or to entice away or employ such slaves, and proceeding—

"II. All slaves, made free by the war measures of the President of the United States, by Congress, or by capture during the war, are entitled to their freedom, and no one in this Department has a right to interfere with that freedom. Any sale of such persons in this Department is void. The rights of citizens must be respected by the army, and the war measures of the government must be sustained.

"III. Any person willfully violating this order will be at once arrested, and reported to the headquarters of Gen. Boyle, at Louisville, for trial"—

is printed in all the papers, and without cavil so far as we have observed. Yet in the same issue of the Frankfort *Commonwealth*, there are lots of advertisements like these, in the very teeth of said Order:

NOTICE.—There was committed to the Henderson County jail, as a runaway slave, 18th day of February, 1863, a negro man calling himself HENRY. He is about 29 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high, black complexion, has a wen on the left side of his nose, weighs 150 pounds. Says he belongs to Allen Hancock, of *Jacks on County, Alabama*.

The owner can come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or he will be dealt with as the law requires.

April 27, 1863.—1m. E D. MCBRIDE, J. H. C.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF NEGROES.—By virtue of an order of the Franklin County Court, made at the April Term, 1863, of said Court, I will, as Sheriff of Franklin County, Ky., sell to the highest bidder, at the Court House door, in the City of Frankfort, on a credit of one year, on MONDAY, the 18th day of May, 1863 (that being County Court day), the following described negroes, to wit:

EDMOND, a negro man, about 22 years of age, black complexion, weighs about 165 pounds, 5 feet 9 inches high, and says he belongs to John Ogden of Tensaw Parish, State of Louisiana.

[Here follow similar descriptions of "Jerry" and "Joe," to be sold at the same time; but the former says his owner lives in Clarke Co., Ky., and the latter locates his owner in Meigs Co., Tenn. The Sheriff continues:]

The purchaser will be required to give bond and security, the bond having the force and effect of a replevin bond.

Said negroes to be sold subject to redemption by [their] proper owner or owners within one year from day of sale, said owners complying with the law made and provided in such cases.

April 24, 1863. R. F. COLLINS, S. F. C.

Of course, Mr. Sheriff Collins knows this to be in the face and eyes of Gen. Burnside's, order, which is backed by the following:

HEADQUARTERS PROVOST-MARSHAL, }
LOUISVILLE, Ky, May 1, 1863. }

SPECIAL ORDERS No 12.—Hereafter all unlawful interference with the authorized negro servants of officers of the United States Army and negroes legally entitled to their freedom, passing from Kentucky to Indiana, is prohibited, and while the legal rights of the citizens of Kentucky *shall be strictly guarded*, parties will be held responsible for such unlawful interference. ORLANDO H. MOORE,
Col. 25th Mich. Inf. and Provost-Marshal.

We trust the wholesale kidnapping in Kentucky of freedmen who have escaped from rebel masters in Dixie is near its end, but we do not feel at all sure of it.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Phonographically reported by J. R. PEMBER.

THE Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY was held in this city on Tuesday, May 12th, at the Church of the Puritans, and at the Cooper Institute. The first meeting took place at the Church of the Puritans (Dr. CHEEVER'S), commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m. A very large and highly intelligent audience was in attendance, the church being entirely filled, and among them were many who, years ago, enlisted for the war, and have been spared to see the "beginning of the end" for which they have so long and so faithfully labored. On the platform were seated the President of the Society, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND QUINCY, THEODORE D. WELD, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, THOMAS GARRETT, Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr., Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, Rev. MOSES THACHER, THEODORE TILTON, and others.

The exercises of the occasion commenced with the singing of the following hymn, by a voluntary choir, under the direction of Prof. SIGISMUND LASAR.

The land our Fathers left to us
Is foul with hateful sin;
When shall, O Lord, this sorrow end,
And hope and joy begin?

What good, though growing might and wealth
Shall stretch from shore to shore,
If thus the fatal poison-taint
Be only spread the more?

Wipe out, O God, the nation's sin,
Then swell the nation's power;
But build not high our yearning hopes,
To wither in an hour!

No outward show nor favored strength
From thy stern justice saves;
There is no liberty for them
Who make their brethren slaves!

The PRESIDENT—In accordance with the usages of this Society, opportunity will now be given to any one who may feel moved to offer prayer to God in behalf of our sacred cause.

The Rev. GEORGE TRASK, of Fitchburg, Mass. (known as the anti-tobacco preacher), thereupon came to the platform and prayed fervently for the Society, the Country, and the Cause of Freedom.

The following hymn was then sung:

Ye who in bondage pine,
Shut out from light divine,
Bereft of hope;
Whose limbs are worn with chains,
Whose tears bedew our plains,
Whose blood our glory stains,
In gloom we grope:—

Shout! for the hour draws nigh
That gives you liberty!
And from the dust,
So long your vile embrace,
Uprising, take your place
Among earth's noblest race—
'Tis right and just!

The night—the long, long night
Of infamy and slight,
Shame and disgrace,
And slavery worse than e'er
Rome's serfs were doomed to bear,
Bloody beyond compare—
Recedes apace!

Speed, speed the hour, O Lord!
Speak! and, at thy dread word,
Fetters shall fall
From every limb—the strong
No more the weak shall wrong,
But Liberty's sweet song
Be sung by all.

The PRESIDENT then read portions of the eleventh and twelfth chapters of the Book of the prophet Jeremiah.

The Treasurer of the Society being absent, Mr. MAY, of Boston, read his Annual Report, as follows:

Annual Account of the American Anti-Slavery Society from May 1, 1862, to May 1, 1863.

DR.

By Balance from old account	$3,837 93
By amount received from subscriptions to Standard, donations, and sales of publications	9,614 00
	$13,451 93

CR.

To amount expended for publication of Standard, for Lecturing Agents, and for publishing pamphlets	9,297 38
To Balance to new account	4,154 55
	$13,451 93

The Report was laid upon the table, to be taken up at the Business Meeting in the afternoon.

The PRESIDENT then said: I congratulate the friends and members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the friends of the oppressed everywhere, upon the fact that we are very much nearer the end than when we first believed; that the signs of the times indicate that the day is near at hand when all chains shall be broken, and every slave set free. For,

"The end will come, it will not wait,
Bonds, yokes and scourges have their date,
And slavery itself will pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday."

But before that event shall fully transpire, it is right and just that the whole nation should be doubly scourged from one end of the land to the other. The sin of slavery is not specially of the South; it is our great national sin, and the blast of that sin has been universal and impartial. God has poured out his retribution upon the whole land, and so in that manner to bring us to reflection, repentance and reformation, that thereby we may put away forever the accursed thing from our midst, so that it may be possible for Him to smile down upon us, and fill our land with abundance and peace.

The following series of resolutions were then read by the President, and received with much enthusiasm:

1. Resolved, That from the beginning of the Confederate rebellion till now, the American Anti-Slavery Society has uniformly pronounced it to be unparalleled on the score of perfidy, without semblance of justification on moral or patriotic grounds, fearfully barbarous in spirit and conduct, and waged for objects equally detestable and wicked—namely, the security, extension and perpetuity of negro slavery, and the overthrow of all institutions based upon the democratic principle.

2. Resolved, That while the Society has rendered this verdict with the deepest emphasis, it has not failed to remind the people of the North that, ever since the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, "their feet have run to evil, and they have made haste to shed innocent blood," in the way of slaveholding complicity; that, by consenting to a slave representation in Congress, to the arrest and rendition of fugitive slaves on their own soil, and to the suppression of slave insurrections by the iron hand of the general government, they have made "a covenant with death, and with hell have they been at agreement," till at last, "judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet," and the hail sweeps away the refuge of lies, the waters overflow the hiding place, the covenant with death is annulled, and the agreement with hell no longer stands.

3. Resolved, That being thus delivered from that guilty relation—alas! not by repentance or reformation on their part, but by the insane rebellion of those with whom they have hitherto struck hands—the "traffickers in slaves and the souls of men"—IT MUST NEVER BE RENEWED, come what may; but the Federal government must henceforth be over all, and for all, and under the national flag every human being in the land must find freedom and protection, anything in any State Constitution or State laws to the contrary notwithstanding.

4. Resolved, That President Lincoln, in the exercise of the war power constitutionally entrusted to his hands, was not only justified in declaring the immediate and everlasting emancipation of all such slaves as were designated in his proclamation of January 1st, 1863—more than three million in number—but he would have been faithless to his oath not to have done so; and, instead of having gone too far, it was, and still is, his solemn duty and sublime privilege to "proclaim liberty throughout ALL the land unto ALL the inhabitants thereof," in accordance with the command of God, and for the safety and unity of the Republic, now rent asunder by the natural operation of antagonistical ideas, institutions and pursuits.

5. Resolved, That since it is undeniable, that slavery was the sole and legitimate cause of the rebellion, and that the rebellion is especially for the preservation of slavery, to exempt any part of the slave system from the operation of the Proclamation is a self-defeating measure, an evidence of judicial blindness, and a criminal prolongation of the war.

6. Resolved, That slavery and slaveholders are one—their principles and purposes are one—their desires and aspirations are one—their interests and inclinations are one—their religion, philosophy, and political economy are one—their love of caste, and contempt of race, and lust of dominion, and hatred of liberty and equality, are one—whether they reside in Maryland or Carolina, in Kentucky or Georgia, in Missouri or Alabama, in Tennessee or Mississippi, and, therefore, the action of the government should be uniform towards them all, by refusing any longer to recognize their existence, except as inimical to the suppression of the rebellion and the repose of the country, and, consequently, as nuisances to be suppressed.

7. Resolved, That it has required, and still requires, the continued occupancy of the so-called loyal Border Slave States, by the army of the North, to prevent their immediate and concurrent annexation to the Confederate States; so that it is an enforced obedience to the strong arm of military power, and not a patriotic support of the government, on their part; notwithstanding the gratifying evidence that there is in those States a strong and growing anti-slavery sentiment, which proves its loyalty to be genuine, not only by being willing to stand by the proclamation as far as it goes, but also by laboring to exterminate slavery universally; but which is too weak to control State action against slaveholding ruffianism and disloyalty, except by the aid of Northern bayonets.

8. Resolved, That to charge the President or Congress with a design to change the conflict from a war to suppress rebellion, to a war for the abolition of slavery is to evince genuine "copperhead" malignity and mendacity, and exactly to reverse the truth—the abolition of slavery being indispensable to the effectual suppression of the rebellion, and, therefore, a lawful and necessary means to a constitutional end.

9. Resolved, That the highest patriotism has been evinced by such men as FREMONT, HUNTER, SAXTON, PHELPS, BUTLER, DICKINSON and Gen. HAMILTON, of Texas, in their earlier or later recognition and assertion of the fact, that slavery and the rebellion must be crushed together; and to that patriotic declaration, let all the people respond "Amen!"

10. Resolved, That the recognition of the independence of Hayti and Liberia—the ratification of a treaty with Great Britain, whereby the American flag can no longer be hoisted with impunity to protect the piratical African slave trade—and the emancipation of all the slaves in the District of Columbia—are three great historic events, which will ever reflect glory upon the Administration of President Lincoln and honor upon the thirty-seventh Congress, and which cheeringly demonstrate the irresistible advancement of the cause of freedom and humanity in our hitherto slavery-ruled land.

11. Resolved, That the American Anti-Slavery Society congratulates its members and friends upon the signal success which, by the blessing of God and the power of His truth, has crowned its labors since its organization, against every form of malignant opposition and every device of iniquity; and it desires to express the heartfelt hope, that its next anniversary—completing its third decade—will be held simply to celebrate the utter extinction of the rebellion, the liberation of every bondman, the prevalence of universal peace, and the triumph of "LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE." Nevertheless,

12. Resolved, That until these great measures are consummated—until slavery is extirpated from the land, root and branch—this Society means persistently and uncompromisingly to continue the work of agitation and enlightenment, in which it has been engaged from the time of its organization to the present hour.

The PRESIDENT—I introduce as the first speaker the Rev. J. R. W. SLOANE, of the Covenanter body of this city; that body which has stood like a religious Gibralter against the wiles and temptations of the Slave Power, which has kept its garments clean from the beginning, and therefore has a right to be heard on this occasion with uncommon deference and with entire admiration. My friend tells me that he finds himself this morning in a very debilitated state as to bodily condition. Well, one thing I know in his case very well; if the flesh should be weak, the spirit is willing, and I know that he will give us what he can under the circumstances.

Speech of Mr. Sloane.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is, I believe, six years since, although born an Abolitionist, I first had the honor of standing on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society. They have been wonderful years; and, although always confident of the triumph of the cause, the most sanguine among us did not hope that we could have made such progress as we have made in this comparatively brief period. At that time Abolitionists were strong, as they always have been; but they were strong in the greatness and in the grandeur of the principles that they represented. Men who were professedly anti-slavery at that time were earnest in disclaiming the name, and all sympathy with the objects of this association; and of those who were more advanced, and who came to this platform by the invitation of the Society, there were very few that had the courage, the boldness to stand here without some sort of apology for the company in which they found themselves.

But what, Mr. Chairman, do we see to-day? Thousands upon thousands in this nation declare that they are as much Abolitionists as your honored Chairman, or our eloquent friend, Wendell Phillips. The most advanced principles of anti-slavery have become the accepted truisms of the nation. Our sentiments have been taken up, and are now repeated by orators to applauding multitudes. And at last the government of the United States, by the stern logic of events, has been compelled to become a great American Anti-Slavery Society (applause). Its armies are in the heart, and thundering at the gates of this Bastile of oppression. I stand here, then, to-day as an anti-slavery man, buoyant, exultant, triumphant. I have not a word that I have spoken to recall. There is no agitation of this subject that I deprecate. I only regret that my place has been so little conspicuous in the great anti-slavery army. I only regret that my voice has been so seldom and so feebly raised in behalf of the oppressed. I would to God that my little finger had been thicker than my loins have been, that I might have had the greater strength to labor.

I do not, my friends, stand here to deplore or deprecate the war. I am thankful to God that the war has come. Not surely because I delight in blood, or that I am insensible to the woes and the suffering that it entails; but because with these two great principles of liberty and slavery struggling in the nation the war is inevitable. Never could it have come at a more auspicious time nor under more auspicious circumstances than those in which it has taken place. He that sits in heavens knows how earnestly we warned the nation with regard to the course that it should pursue. Cassandra-like, we prophesied in vain that the judgments of God would come upon us if we persisted in our course; and all that was in the power of man to do has been done by Abolitionists of every name and every grade to avert this calamity. We did not desire the woeful day. But when I say I rejoice, I say it because I believe that the hated life of slavery will be trodden beneath the iron hoofs of the red horse of war—because I believe that the nation will be made perfect in liberty during this suffering, and that if this is a heavy sowing of tears and blood we shall have a harvest of joy. I rejoice because I hear above the tumult of battle the crash of this foul iniquity—because I see the smoke of Babylon, and I look with wonder and exultation upon it, rejoicing that as the mission of heaven was established in the blood of the apostles and prophets, so will He avenge you upon earth.

The charge that is made that anti-slavery men are the cause of this war, in the sense in which it is made, is malignant and atrociously false; and yet there is a sense in which it is true. There is a sense in which we meet it fairly and squarely, and are ready to assume all the responsibility that the charge involves. Had we been willing to allow the strong man armed to keep the house; had we sat by and witnessed the atrocities of this gigantic evil, not complaining or rebuking; had we been willing to see the fairest and best portion of our country desecrated by its influence; had we been willing that the morals of the world should be debauched and the Church corrupted; had we been willing to witness all these things, war at this time and in this shape might not have come: that is to say, had we approved the traitors, and became insensible to every idea of justice and rectitude—had we bowed our shoulder to bear, and become servants to Jeff. Davis and his infernal crew that are drenching the land with blood—then, perhaps, the war might not now have been.

But what Christian, what patriot, when he contemplates the condition in which we were, and the course we have pursued for the past twenty-five years, under the domination of the Slave Power, is not thankful to God that we have been smitten back by the red right hand of war? You know, my friends, that Christ said, "I come not to bring peace on the earth, but a sword. I come to send fire on earth, and what will I if it be already kindled?" And has not the progress of Christianity, in its every step, been marked by fire and by blood? We are the occasion of the war, as our Lord was the occasion of the strife that Christianity has originated. We are the occasion of this war as Luther was the occasion of the wars that grew out of the great Reformation. We are the occasion of the war, if you will, as our fathers were the occasion of our eight years of revolutionary war, and would not submit to a condition of taxation without representation.

But I do not stand here to declare that the guilt of this war lies at the door of the men of the South who have taken up arms in order to defend the wickedness of slavery against that war of ideas that the world was waging against it, but that it lies at the door of the men of the North, wherever they are, who have supported and defended slavery, and have denounced and slandered Abolitionists. Had the South not been deceived by a hireling press and a hireling pulpit, and by corrupt politicians, she never would have engaged in this mad attempt. The guilt of this war hangs like a millstone around the neck of those men; and it is the consciousness of this crime that has driven Vallandigham, and Wood, and Brooks, and men of that stamp, into the depth of guilt and rashness into which they are sinking.

Abolitionists claim that they have raised the moral sentiment of the North against the atrocity of slavery; and if, in order to defend themselves against this, the South has risen in arms against this moral sentiment, so far they are the occasion of the war. If there is any reproach in this, they are willing to bear it. If there is any honor, they claim it.

But the war has come, and now the great question is, What is the attitude that we are to assume with regard to it? So far, what are the duties that devolve upon us under these new circumstances, and in this new phase of our work? It appears to me that our duty is to stand by the government, and give it all our assistance in crushing this atrocious and wicked rebellion (applause).

If by any chance the rebellion should succeed, we should not cease from our labors. We should not be discouraged, but we should be as determined as ever for the overthrow of slavery, although our difficulties would be increased, and the time of liberty and freedom would be put back. It appears to me that the hope of the abolition of slavery lies in the crushing out of this rebellion by the government—that is to say, if it is done faithfully, sincerely and entirely—and that it is the duty of every anti-slavery man to stand by the government in all lawful measures for the accomplishment of this great and glorious end. Now, when I say this, I do not mean that we are to endorse everything that the government does. In our hatred for Copperheadism, with all its duplicity, let us not swing too far to the other side. We have no right to resign our private judgment to the government, or to any man connected with it. They are our servants, and fidelity to its interests does not include blind agreement to the measures and means that it employs. But be assured that the government understands this. It knows its friends from its foes. It knows how to make a distinction between Vallandigham and Wendell Phillips (excuse the collocation of the names). It knows every anti-slavery man is loyal, and that he earnestly desires its triumph, and therefore they do not deprecate fair and candid criticism. So far as they are true to their principles they do not.

But, my friends, for my own part I do not find very much at the present moment to find fault with. To be sure, I wish the government was more outspoken. Why don't they say anti-slavery in their emancipation? We had a call for a National Fast-day, and we are told of our sins; but why didn't the President of the United States say that our great national sin was the sin of slavery? There is no reason why they should longer keep their hand over this. They know it is the source of our trouble, and why then do they not come out and candidly say so? The people are prepared for it, and they are willing to support them in anything they may do, that means the preservation and the glory of the nation. I do not profess to have much skill in military affairs, but I imagine now that since we have got rid of that terrible incubus under which we groaned and bewailed, there will be in a few years more but little of it to be found. I suppose there are very few men who would wish to see Hooker or Burnside or Grant displaced. We give these men our hearts, not because they have gained great success, but because they show what they have aimed for, and that they have at least some heart for the struggle. But what we do desire is that Fremont and Butler shall be put in (prolonged cheering). We are determined that these men shall have the places that belong to them (applause). And I wish you to bear in mind that there is nothing that anti-slavery men have ever yet determined, that they did not obtain in these United States. I do not pretend to know whether Fremont and Butler are great Generals or not, but this I know, that so far as they have been trusted, they have done nobly and well. This much I know, that no other military men have so much comprehended the great struggle in which we are engaged. They have too much capacity and too much heart to stand aside in this hour of the nation's trial.

But we have a great work yet to do. Many of our people have had their eyes opened, but there are those yet whose eyes are sealed to the true issues of this conflict. They are well-meaning men, but they cannot abide by the language of your resolutions. They say that the government is making this war for abolition, as if abolition were not necessary, and as if the war could ever be successful except it is placed on that basis. We are not, as I imagine, ready to lay down our armor yet. There is a strong party, however contemptible it may be, which essays by various influences to work mischief in the North, from the danger of which we are not wholly free. Where the carcass is the eagles will soon be gathered together, and while we have *Heralds* and *Journals of Commerce* to dispense the daily news, we have yet reason to be active. We have a great work yet in educating the people. The government, as we all know, might go faster than it does. I believe a large proportion of it means well. The President and Stanton, and I think perhaps Blair, mean well; about Seward I don't know. But as regards the great proportion of the government I think they mean well But if we would have them more in accordance with our wishes we must have a great public sentiment created, that they may feel and know that they will be supported in every measure they undertake.

But as anti-slavery men we have to warn people of terms by which they are deceived. What are our war cries? Union and the Constitution. What is the meaning of Union? If it has any meaning, it must mean liberty. Does it mean the extent of empire? If so it has no power and no charm for me. I had rather be a citizen of the little State of Rhode Island, or live amid the rocks of the Pyrenees, with liberty, than be a citizen of the oldest and proudest despotism that exists on the face of this earth. A nation is not a vast extent of territory. It is a union of free States, in which no slave shall clank his chain, and where no man shall be permitted to own his brother (applause). Every star on that glorious ensign that stands for liberty is honorable and glorious. Every star that stands for a slave State is a dishonor and a shame. We are not to be imposed upon by words. Let Liberty take the place of the word Union. So with the word Constitution. So far as it means justice and liberty I believe in the Constitution. So far as it means slavery I do not. From our association of them they have been like so many lightning rods drawing down the judgments of heaven, and so long as these associations are there, I seek their repeal, and desire by every means in my power to make them null and void. If we say Union and the Constitution, let us know what we mean by them, and if there is any signification in the words.

But we have reason to be thankful that we have only two slave States in the Union at this time; Kentucky, that terrible incubus, that has done more to distract the counsels of the nation than all other causes combined—Kentucky, that like a haggard sorceress has thrown her arms around the nation and sought to leap with it down the precipice of disunion—and Tennessee, that in an evil hour the President exempted from the proclamation of Emancipation. I do not call Missouri and Texas slave States, because I think that they would be willing to rid themselves of slavery.

Now, my friends, here I think is our position; here is the great work that is before us. We are encouraged by the signs of the times, and if not so soon as the President of the Society hopes, yet eventually we shall see this institution destroyed, and shall rejoice in the glorious ensign from which there shall be no star erased, and on which each one shall represent no longer slavery but freedom.

The PRESIDENT—It follows, as a matter of course, that having proscribed and oppressed the free colored population of our country, and committed to chains the slave population, we should be in a mood, as a people, to slander both classes. We have in every possible manner attempted to justify ourselves by bringing false accusations against them. But, thank God, all these accusations are being shown, from day to day, and from hour to hour, to be utterly false before the world. Wherever the free colored people have shown their hand, they have done well in this hour of our nation's calamity; and as for the slave population, how marvelously have they been guided and directed to do the very best thing that could be done in their circumstances! How peacefully they have behaved! How patiently they have waited for God's hour of deliverance! And now that the government has found it necessary to summon even slaves to the national conflict, how they exhibit the qualities of good soldiers, honored in addition as among the bravest of the brave, and as men indeed worthy of their freedom.

I am glad to introduce to you one who is abundantly able to speak in behalf both of the free colored and the slave population, ROBERT PURVIS of Pennsylvania.

Speech of Robert Purvis.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is bad taste, I know, in a speaker, to begin with an apology and to talk about himself; but I must ask to be excused if I offend in both these particulars. I cannot speak to order, as some people, more happily constituted, can. I cannot, in cold blood, arrange a speech before hand, and yet I dare not trust the impulse of the moment. It is the misfortune of natures born near the sun that their blood will not obey the helm of their judgment. I don't know why it is, therefore, that my friends on the Committee of Arrangements so persistently urge me to speak. No, sir—I will correct myself—I *do* know why; it is because I am identified with the confessedly oppressed race in this country, and you will allow me to say, sir, that by reason of that identification, waiving all objection, I consent to speak.

Mr. Chairman, this is a proud day for the "colored" man. For the first time since this Society was organized, I stand before you a recognized citizen of the United States (applause). And let me add, for the first time since your government was a government is it an honor to be a citizen of the United States! Sir, old things are passing away, all things are becoming new. Now a black man has rights, under this government, which every white man, here and everywhere, is bound to respect (applause). The damnable doctrine of the detestable Taney is no longer the doctrine of the country. The Slave Power no longer rules at Washington. The slaveholders and their miserable allies are biting the dust, and Copperhead Democracy has come to grief. The black man is a citizen, all honor to Secretary Bates, who has so pronounced him. The black man can take out a passport and travel to the uttermost parts of the earth, protected by the broad ægis of the government; all honor to Secretary Seward, who was the first to recognize this right. The black man is a citizen soldier, standing on an equality in the rank and file with the white soldier; all honor to Secretary Stanton and the rest of the Administration. Sir, I know very well that this government is not yet all that it ought to be. I know that Mr. Bates is not considered a progressive man, and that Mr. Seward has incurred the severe displeasure of loyal anti-slavery people. But, sir, these gentlemen have in a signal manner recognized my rights, and the rights of my oppressed countrymen. They have officially invested us with the prerogatives of which we had been basely robbed, and I would be false to my nature, false to my convictions, false to my best feelings, did I not thus publicly testify my sense of respect and heartfelt gratitude. Say what you please of Mr. Seward, condemn as you may his shortcomings and his failures—I make no apology for either; but it must always be owned, to his immortal honor, that he has from the beginning been the fast friend of the "man of color." From the time when, as Governor of this Empire State, he refused to deliver up to the Governor of Virginia certain black refugees, to the day when, as a lawyer, he defended the idiotic black culprit Freeman, and from that day till the present time, Mr. Seward has been the unprejudiced respecter of the black man's equal rights, and as such, I feel bound here and everywhere to honor him. I have said that I consider it an honor to be a citizen of this republic, and I repeat it. I am proud to be an American citizen. You know, Mr. Chairman, how bitterly I used to denounce the United States as the basest despotism the sun ever shone upon; and I take nothing back that ever I said. When this government was, as it used to be, a slaveholding oligarchy; when such imbecile and heartless cravens as our Buchanan and your Pierce were its nominal rulers; when its powers were used and abused by slaveholding, slave-breeding traitors, such as Jefferson Davis, and Howell Cobb, and Thief Floyd and Isaac Toucey, and when the old Jesuit Taney was unshorn of his power as Chief President in its Temple of Justice; then, sir, I hated it with a wrath which words could not express, and I denounced it with all the bitterness of my indignant soul (applause). My friends would urge me to moderate my tone, but it was impossible; out of the bitterness of the heart the mouth would speak. I was a victim, stricken, degraded, injured, insulted in my person, in my family, in my friends, in my estate; I returned bitterness for bitterness and scorn for scorn. I am the same man still, and I must be allowed, as some would say, though I do not, to err on the other extreme. I forget the past; joy fills my soul at the prospect of the future. I leave to others the needful duty of censure. But, I hear some of my hearers saying, "It is too soon to begin to rejoice; don't halloo till you are out of the woods; don't be too sure of the future—wait and see." No, sir, I will not wait—I cannot be mistaken. My instincts, in this matter at least, are unerring. The good time which has so long been coming is at hand. I feel it, I see it in the air, I read it in the signs of the times; I see it in the acts of Congress, in the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, in its exclusion from the Territories, in solemn treaties for the effectual suppression of the infernal foreign slave trade, in the acknowledgment of the black republics of Hayti and Liberia. I see it in the new spirit that is in the army; I see it in the black regiment of South Carolina (applause); I see it in the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts; I see it in the order of Adjut.-Gen. Thomas, forming a Black Brigade at Memphis; I see it, above all, and more than all, in the GLORIOUS AND IMMORTAL PROCLAMATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1863 (cheers). By that imperishable instrument the three million of slaves in the rebel States are legally and irrevocably free! (the opinion of Mr. Greeley, of *The Tribune*, to the contrary notwithstanding). By that immortal document all the remaining slaves of the country are in effect promised their freedom. In *spirit* and in *purpose*, thanks to *Almighty God!* this is no longer a slaveholding republic. The fiat has gone forth which, when this rebellion is crushed—and it will be crushed as sure as there is a God in heaven—the fiat has gone forth which, in the simple but beautiful language of the President, "will take all burdens from off all backs, and make every man a freeman."

Sir, this is a glorious contest. It is not simply and solely a fight about the black man. It is not merely a war between the North and the South. It is a war between freedom and despotism the world over. If this government had only the South to contend with, their work would be soon done. But it is with the South, backed up by pro-slavery Europe and pro-slavery England, that this government has to contend. It is pro-slavery England that furnishes to the rebels the arms, ammunition, ships, encouragement and money with which to carry out the base slaveholding, slave-breeding conspiracy. I say pro-slavery England, for, Mr. Chairman, I need not tell you that there are two Englands—anti-slavery England, that manumitted her 800,000 slaves, and the England that opposed, all long as there was any hope of success, that glorious act; the England which now speaks in our favor in the voice of John Bright and William R. Forster, and that noble man and unequalled orator, George Thompson, and the England which holds the reins of power in its hands and uses that power, as far as it *dares*, to break down this government. Sir, the former England I honor and adore; the latter, the England which now uses and abuses the great power of that great country, I abhor and repudiate. When I was in England, many years ago, it was my good fortune to be introduced to Ireland's great Liberator, the eminent Daniel O'Connell. Before extending his hand to me he said "that he would never take the hand of an American, unless he knew him to be an anti-slavery man." Thanking him for his noble resolution, and declaring myself at the same time to be an Abolitionist, he grasped me warmly by the hand and shook it heartily. It was a striking circumstance, and left a deep impression upon my mind. Mr. Chairman, I am prepared now to practice in the lesson I then learned. O'Connell has gone, and alas! his spirit has gone with him. The foulest and bitterest enemies of freedom and the black man are countrymen of the great Liberator. If hereafter any one coming from Great Britain, be he Saxon or Celt, should seek an introduction to one so humble as myself, I think, before extending my hand, I would feel bound to say, What sort of an Englishman or Irishman are you? Are you of the herd that support the slaveholding rebels, and that build Alabama corsairs and Florida pirates to prey on the commerce of Freedom? If you are, I will have nothing to do with you; I regard you as an enemy of God and of the human race. But if your sympathies are with struggling freedom, and your hatred toward its enemies, then give me your hand.

Mr. Chairman, I had intended to say something about the Copperhead Democracy, but these dastards don't trouble me now. They are as malignant, as venomous, as traitorous as ever, and perhaps more so, but their power is gone, and their days are numbered. They are

"Their country's curse, their children's shame,
Outcasts of virtue, peace and fame."

They may, in their baseness and pusillanimity, denounce the black man as inferior, as do your Vallandighams—I trust he has got his deserts at last (applause)—Morses and Coxes, down to your ex-Congressman Biddle, or they may hound on an Irish mob, as do your Fernando Woods and Booby Brookses in your streets; but I repeat it, sir, their power is gone.

Mr. Chairman, I end as I began: This is a proud day for the "colored man," and a day of glorious promise for the country. Our work as Abolitionists is not finished. Much remains to be done. But we have thousands upon thousands of helpers. Anti-slavery societies and anti-slavery agents are now numerous and powerful. The United States Senate and House of Representatives, the State Legislatures, the "Union Leagues" are anti-slavery societies; the Cabinet at Washington is a great Executive Committee, and thousands of its civil and military officers are its agents. Our country is not yet free, but thank God for those signs of the times that unmistakably indicate that it soon will be. With a future so glorious before us, may we not, in the eloquent language of Curran, say "to the stranger and the sojourner," who sets his foot on the soil of America, "he treads on ground that is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the first moment he touches the sacred soil of [America] the altar and the god sink together in the dust, his soul walks abroad in her own majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible Genius of *Universal Emancipation*" (enthusiastic applause).

The choir then sang Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the congregation joining in the chorus at each verse.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."
Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat:
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

A collection having been taken up for the benefit of the Society, the meeting was next addressed by THEODORE D. WELD and WENDELL PHILLIPS; but we are compelled to postpone the report of their remarks till next week.

Votes of thanks were passed to the Proprietors of the Church for the use of the same, and to the Choir for their valuable and acceptable services.

The Society also assembled in the evening at the Cooper Institute, and was addressed by THEODORE TILTON and WENDELL PHILLIPS; after which the Hon. HENRY B. STANTON, in compliance with a call from the friends around him, made a stirring address. The Hutchinson Family (JOHN, HENRY and VIOLA, assisted by Mrs. ABBY PATTON) added much to the interest of the meeting by singing several touching and appropriate songs. Mrs. Patton's fine voice gave pleasure to the whole audience, but especially to hundreds of her old friends, whose hearts were stirred by memories of the time when she was the "bright particular star" of the unrivalled quartette first known as the "Hutchinson Family."

The Business meetings of the Society were held in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday forenoon. But we must defer the remainder of the report till next week.

THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE Thirtieth NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Boston on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, May 28th and 29th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m., of Thursday.

On the first day and evening (Thursday) the meetings of the Convention will be held at the MELONAON (lower hall of the Tremont Temple). On Friday they will be held, day and evening, in the TREMONT TEMPLE.

Of the anti-slavery men and women, who attended the *first* New England Anti-Slavery Convention, held in Bolyston Hall in this city, in the year 1834, a goodly number yet remain, though many have "fallen asleep." We, who are alive and remain to witness the moral coming of the L

ployed in learning his trade he commenced modeling in clay. Many of his leisure moments after his fourteen hours a day work had been accomplished, were thus passed. At last, in 1858, he gave up his position as superintendent, and with but a slender purse, set forth to visit the land of art and song. He remained in Europe about eight months, most of that period being passed in Italy. Returning home in 1859 he took a situation in a surveyor's office in Chicago, which he filled with satisfaction to his employers. In 1860 he came to New York and opened a sculptor's studio in Broadway. He removed to Dodworth's building in Fifth avenue about a year ago, where he still remains."

MISS DICKINSON IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, May 5th.

A WOMAN may take *you* into confidence, dear STANDARD, when she has anything on her mind, for, although you are sure to tell, it is only to people who understand things. On this day of grace for the nation, God grant it be, the good people of Philadelphia are a prey to two huge emotions; the one, a fever of impatience for the news till bedtime, from the Rappahannock—the other, an intoxication of admiration for that very young woman of destiny, Miss Anna E. Dickinson. "Of Philadelphia," the editors are given to saying, and really, now that victory heralds her footsteps, and she has been given the right-hand of fellowship by so many of the great and good elsewhere, we are beginning to rub our eyes, and, yet scarce half awake, stammer out that—that—we guess she is. Our poet, Mr. Boker, believes it, at any rate; *he* endorsed her with all his might last night, and that settles the matter for the Union League; and our first Quaker society, though at first it shuddered from head to foot when it was whispered that she was originally "Orthodox," when it began to consider that she really was crusading for the war, and encouraging violence with all her might, began to endorse her too! So you see we are gradually accustoming ourselves to the blessings of Providence, and who knows but that some day we may even have the rashness to set up a small spoke or felloe on our own account?

A most magnetic woman is Anna Dickinson, and very potent is the champagne rosé which she proffers to the thirsting thousands. (Having a woman's horror of square feet, you see, I don't attempt to state roundly the numbers that packed the Academy last night, but it couldn't have held many more, unless they had sat on the chandelier or in the negro gallery; a choice of accommodations equally staggering.)

An odd audience, too, very. The "Old Guard" was there—of course; but they were a speck the new people were beyond description. Everybody you didn't dream of seeing, and everybody's mother-in-law, which was more amazing still. Not a sympathetic audience at first—expectant, curious, kindly-disposed, if you will, but with an occasional facial twitch, which betrayed it was the first time they had ever *dared* listen to a woman speaking in public. Indeed we could not half rid ourselves of stage illusions, and when Judge Kelly led the dark-eyed damsel forward, we couldn't but fancy him the horrid old father of the play, commanding her then and there to give her hand to some loathsome rebel in human form, as a guerdon for the Union scalps he had brought in! And well might the spell last, for of all the *prime donne* who have swept across that stage, never was there a more consummate actress than this young girl! Close your eyes, and you shut out half the witchery. Her brunette order favors her, at the first. A *fair* woman wouldn't be half so telling. She would be either a cold statue, or a namby-pamby doll, but this glowing girl, with her flashing eyes and her scornful lip, *looked* every word she uttered.

A perfect mistress of her art, a modulated voice—no declamation, that's schoolboyish—no gesture, that's mannish—for the most part with clasped hands, clenched at times, pacing the stage when the words came too fast for her—with an occasional impatient tap of her foot—a most womanly way of rendering a speech, and, just because it is womanly, utterly incomprehensible to masculine critics.

A rapid torrent of facts, invective, anecdote, argument, not going back to Adam for every statement, as a man does; a guerilla speech, in fact, utterly regardless of headquarters and red tape.

That vast crowd of men and women she swayed with a charmed hand, their tears came or their laughter at her bidding. She held their hearts in her hand—their hearty amen awaited her wherever she might lead. And to what end, whither did she lead them? Will you believe it, oh! STANDARD, to this: that the black man's body is to be the rampart for us, after all; the North is to make a stone of that which the humaner South left a beast; and that the Irishman would have had two arms to-day, instead of one, if the black man had stood between him and the enemy's bullets! What an insult and a dishonor to our brave Northern boys, this foul insinuation that they are to creep away from the foe, in the shelter of this dusk; that they are weary of upholding the dear old flag, and all eager to give up its staff to other hands, ere one tatter of that flag has been avenged. They have dared enough, perilled enough, suffered enough and now let others take their turn, others, that are *used* to being beaten!

And then her pitiful claptrap, about the black man's life being no more precious than the white man's! What a burning outrage upon the black man to say it. He, of all others, might have the right to stand back in this warfare. He alone could have the right to say to this struggling nation, "For a century my blood has been shed for you, my nerves racked, my sinews strained, my tears and groans gone up on high, my body trampled under foot, and my soul cast into outer darkness, that *you* might live and endure! It is enough, the measure of my suffering is complete! I stand aside and wait the issue, if it be that my master prove yours also."

But he has not so responded. To his immortal honor and manhood be the record. The first shot on Sumter brought the black man to his feet, with a keen instinct of what was coming. Thrust back in scorn with the bright new bayonet, "down, sirrah," was the cry, and throughout these dreary years he has sat, silent and watchful. He has seen the flag he would fain have upheld trailing in the dust, so stained you could scarce count the stars. Thrust aside with a scoff in the North, stabbed deeper yet at the South; his heart all aglow with hope and grateful love, his ready wit fertile in plot and counterplot, admitted on sufferance to the Captain's tent, his knowledge, his plans wrung out of him, and then thrown back, like a squeezed sponge, to the horrible Red Sea again. When the torture-chamber and the grave shall render up their account, then, and not till then, will be made up the record of what the black man has dared and done for his country's freedom.

Anna Dickinson! you may prate about supporting the government, but such is not the way to knit all hearts together in its support. Every man and every woman must feel that the country has need of all the energy, all the sinew, all the faith, all the heroism of his and her individual soul; and because the black man *is* a man, and for no other reason under heaven, should he be called to take his place in the ranks.

And to-day, when the bayonet is rusted, and the bright blue looks dim, he stands ready—aye, ready! The folded arms will unclasp for the death grip on the musket; the barred lips will ring out the oath of allegiance full and clear; a living wall of souls as well as bodies will stand between our hearthstones and the foe. And when the day of deliverance comes—and who shall stay its coming?—will the white man of the North be found far in the rear, looking on tremblingly, while these poor scarred hands win his freedom for him, or will they stand in the fight shoulder to shoulder, baptized brothers in this bloody baptism, while the lesson of brotherhood America is ordained to teach stands clear for all time to read?

NOT A PRIVILEGED ORDER.—The Conscription law enacted by the late Congress, it will be remembered, does not exempt clergymen from military service, but enrols them in the militia like other men, and makes them liable to be drafted. Some members of the profession as well as others have expressed the opinion that this is a hardship; and in some quarters it has been treated as a rebuke to the clergy for forsaking their legitimate business and "preaching politics." *The Christian Intelligencer*, the Conservative organ of the Conservative Reformed Dutch Church, however, approves the act, and says:

"Now, let politicians know, once for all, that the ministers of the Gospel ask for no special privileges at their hands, but on the contrary, protest against all offers of them, as contrary to the genius of our institutions. Let them understand that their work is not to stand at a distance from the filthy pools of politics lest they become polluted, but to hasten to them, and cast in the salt of divine truth, if perchance they may be cleansed; that they claim freedom to do that; that they wish no relief from any of the burdens that press on other citizens; and that there is no class in the country less disposed to find fault with the liability of ministers to the conscription than the ministers themselves; that they hail it as a proof that their true position under a republican government that knows no Church (and therefore should know no clergy) is beginning to be understood; and that special restrictions are not to be put upon them, when they would faithfully apply God's word to all prevailing forms of unrighteousness and corruption. The liability to be put into the ranks, and shot down by the rebels, is a small price to pay for such an inestimable boon."

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 11, 1863.

ANOTHER failure! I have written the word so often in this correspondence, since the war began, that it creates no shock, in fact scarcely occasions surprise. An intelligent man here, who has watched carefully the effect of this defeat, or this failure, upon the city of New York, exclaimed yesterday in my hearing, "What a wonderful people is this! They are as cheerful with defeat as with victory. Either they are stupid or they are grandly courageous!" No one will accuse "Yankees" of stupidity, I think. It *is* wonderful that the people of the loyal States look so calmly on at another failure of the Army of the Potomac, and it is overwhelming proof that that people will triumph at last. They have the *endurance* which will compel victory at last.

I call Hooker's whole movement *a failure*, because I think it right to deal honestly with the people. Lying for effect will not avail any longer in this country, and for once, after a failure, New York had the worst side of the affair before Washington people had received any of the details. The result was a little flurry in the gold market and the quick subsidence of the agitation. How much better this than deceptive statements on the part of the government, meant to fool England and the American people.

Gen. Hooker certainly was not whipped, his army was not destroyed, but the movement across the river was a failure. I am not competent to speak of Hooker's military capacity as developed by the recent battles, but the President is satisfied with him, or, if not satisfied, is determined to retain him. If Hooker is blamed at all, it is for the part which Sedgwick played in the drama, which was arranged beforehand by the Commanding General. Why Sedgwick should have been left to destruction when Hooker's forces lay idle is yet a mystery here. Hooker blames somebody under him, but at headquarters *he* is blamed. Not severely, however. He has done well upon the whole, and will do better next time. The most important thing is his position with his own army. Does he retain the confidence of that army? If he does, he can fight it again better than any other man. It is sufficient that the President is determined that Hooker shall remain in command. That is an end of the whole matter. And I think all fair-minded and intelligent persons will say that the President judges and decides well. There are men, however, who, in this crisis, ought to retire from the public service. Gen. Halleck is one of them. His entire plan of conducting the war is a lamentable failure. With such a plan failure must ever attend upon the movements of our Generals. Halleck says nay to this—says that his critics are fools, and do not understand the art of war—but is it not about time to suspect that there is something very wrong somewhere? Is it in our troops? Is it in the subordinate Generals? Is it not in the General-in-Chief, who lays out the work for the armies? Gen. Halleck ought to give way for a better man, but I do not believe that he will. I hear stories at every corner of the removal of Halleck and the resignation of Stanton, but they are not the men to be so easily put down, or to be got rid of. Neither do I believe the President is anxious or willing that they should leave the public service. Nevertheless, it would be well if Gen. Halleck would step aside and give his place to a better man.

The chief fault of Halleck is his mulish obstinacy. He will not abandon the anaconda plan of subjugating the rebels. He surrounds them with a line of troops, leaving them to so dispose of their forces that they can at all times meet us at a given point with the largest number of men. This style of conducting the war is rapidly exhausting the temper as well as the resources of the country.

It is time that Halleck should abandon his opposition to the live men of the Fremont and Butler stamp. It is said here, however, that Mr. Seward is the man who will not permit Butler to return to a command. This may be unjust to him, however.

It would seem as if no finer opportunity could occur than the present for a reorganization of the Cabinet; or if the Cabinet is to remain a unit to the end of the Presidential term, for a change in the office of the General-in-Chief. It is a pity Mr. Lincoln will not look at this whole subject in the proper light, at least that he will not examine it very carefully to satisfy himself that the general plan of conducting the war is a correct one.

It is said that we are to have an immediate resumption of offensive operations against the enemy. It is even said that Hooker contemplates heavy fighting again within a few days. It hardly seems possible, however, that Gen. Hooker, having failed to beat the enemy at Chancellorsville, can expect to beat him in another engagement. But, however that may be, it is safest and best to look facts and the future directly in the face. We shall probably wait till Autumn before we win important battles on this line—unless the enemy grows unusually bold—if he does, he may commit some blunder which will give Hooker with his diminished forces a fair opportunity to defeat him. But we have a Summer of trial before us, and may as well prepare for it now as ever. This government and people are not cowards. They will not quail before another year of disasters. We *must* crush the enemy. The next time—the third year of the war we shall do it. The new army that is coming in will save us. It is a pity the Administration has been so dilatory in putting the Conscription Act in force, but that cannot be helped now. The act will be instantly executed. The troops whose term of service has expired already are on their way home to New York, and it is only fair that New York should begin to send new troops here.

Mr. Seward has already begun to send off his sanguine dispatches to Europe. A defeat always excites his bump of hopefulness. If our troops are driven back by the enemy, he sees the subjugation of the rebels in a few weeks or months. Defeat always suggests victory to him! What a happy disposition! Mr. Seward means it all as consummate art. He is looking for effects at home and abroad, but he makes a terrible mistake. He should be very hopeful, but at the same time truthful. Any attempt to distort a defeat into a triumph always exasperates truth-loving men, but courage is inspiring. Let Mr. Seward acknowledge fairly that we have again failed, but let him add—we have but begun to fight. We are coining new armies. We shall soon have a great army of colored men. We are growing stronger upon our defeats, and we are sure to triumph at last! Admit what is true against us, but show the world that in spite of failures we move onward! How much wiser such a policy than weak deceptions as to facts, which set the world into derisive laughter!

The feeling of the leading men connected with the government is very hopeful to-day. I see signs of a change in the management of the war. It looks as if Halleck was at last waking up to see that his idea of surrounding the enemy was a wrong one. If our troops are instantly concentrated and hurled upon the enemy, they will win a battle yet this Spring—during this month of May. The only chance is now, before a fortnight passes, so many regiments are leaving for home. If Gen. Hooker is moving already, and if Gen. Halleck will support him with troops from other places, he will yet win a battle. But if he fails again we must wait till the Autumn comes round again and the new army is able to beat back the rebel armies by sheer superiority of numbers.

The weather is fine again, after two or three days of pouring rain, and rain which would have made Hooker's position precarious the south side of the Rappahannock. If this good weather lasts, something further will be done immediately. AVON.

THE QUESTION TO BE TRIED.—The Washington correspondent of *The Times* says: "A Maryland fugitive slave, who was caught, imprisoned and brought by *habeas corpus* before the new Supreme Court, is about to furnish the country with a solution of the vexed question of the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law, and its inapplicability to the District of Columbia. Judges Carter, Olin, Fisher and Wiley are all on the Bench. Messrs. Joliffe and Dean plead for the black man's freedom; Messrs. Bradley and Cox oppose."

PRISCILLA CADWALLADER.

THIS remarkable woman and popular preacher in the Society of Friends (Hicksite) of Blue River, Indiana, while on a religious visit to Friends in Pennsylvania, in a sermon at Darby, the 21st of 7th mo., 1831, prophesied as follows:

"I believe there never was a day nor a time when there was more need of this people to dwell in their tents—for here our safety assuredly lies. For I believe from awful impressions, as I pass through the land, there are more storms arising, greater than have yet been witnessed by this people. And those who are not founded in God, whose souls are not anchored in perfect love, will be wiped away, and carried wholly into the vortex of confusion. For behold, there come storms and tempests, and a deluge of blood. And I do not find that I have much more to say unto you than to warn you to gather home to your God, for nothing else will screen you from danger, and no other arm can protect you. Do I not hear in my spiritual ear—I have long heard it—the alarm of war, the loud roar of cannon, the clashing swords, and horsemen rushing to battle? And I believe that this day is nigher than many are aware of; a day of treading down, and a day of bloodshed; and it will be seen 'that every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood.' But this shall be a day, like the day of the Lord, 'that cometh with burning and fuel of fire.' And I entreat you to be willing to *come to this*—that is, 'with burning and fuel of fire'—that it may consume all the sin and transgression of the heart, purify the soul and bring it unto God. I can tell you, beloveds, and I tell you in awful fear, that I have long seen sons wrestling in bonds, and their bands will burst, and they will leap as tigers from their dens, and then, woe! woe! to the inhabitants of North America! Thus I feel engaged to warn all that are now present, and to invite you to come home, and centre in Him that is perfect love. And there is no weapon that will defend you but perfect love, and you will find this to be a rock of safety, and although the deluge of blood may come, yet this will bear your souls above all."

After meeting, on being inquired of what this prophecy meant, she replied: "I cannot tell when it will be accomplished; I may not live to see it; but whoever lives fifty years longer will see America very different from what it now is, in regard to African slavery."

Also in the year 1833, at the close of a crowded meeting at Farmington, New York, she predicted our present national conflict, saying:

"I hear the cannon's roar and the beating of drums, and I see the horse and his rider amid the clashing of arms, and the pools of human blood. Oh, Carolina! Carolina! how I would gather thee as a hen gathers her chickens, but thou wilt not hear the call. Slavery will go down, sooner or later, and I enreat *you* to wash your hands in innocency."

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know that North Carolina was her birthplace, and her maiden name was Coffin. She died in the year 1859, just before the breaking out of the war.

WILLIAM AND MARY L. BARNARD.

BAPTISM OF A SLAVE CHILD.

AFFECTING EPISODE IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

From The Times of Monday.

YESTERDAY, at Plymouth Church, was the regular Sabbath for the baptism of infants, and the delightful Spring morning tempted a larger number of parents than usual to bring their offspring forward. Having administered the rite to all but one of the children, Mr. Beecher paused a moment, and, turning to his interested audience, stated that there was still another child to be christened. Her history, however, contained a moral, and he should take the liberty of carrying her upon the platform where all present might look upon her features. This preface caused a flutter of increasing interest, which was not abated until the reverend gentleman had ascended the pulpit steps, bearing in his arms a little laughing-eyed, sweet-faced, fair-haired girl of five years, who nestled closely against his breast, toying with his watch-guard, as she timidly met, with her dark, lustrous eyes, the concentrated gaze of the now hushed congregation. In a voice tremulous and tearful, and in words that touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of his hearers, Mr. Beecher told about the child. "She was born in slavery," he said. "A benevolent woman, who was nursing our sick soldiers in the hospital at Fairfax, found her, sore and tattered and unclean, and requested the good sister who has adopted her, to bring her North and take care of her. She will be treated as this lady's own child, and it is designed to educate her as a teacher for her race. Look upon this child," continued Mr. Beecher, "and tell me if you ever saw a fairer, sweeter face? And this child," he added, "is a sample of the slavery which absorbs into itself everything fair and attractive. The loveliness of this child would only make her so much more valuable as a chattel; for while your children are brought up to fear and serve the Lord, this little one, just as beautiful, would be made, through slavery, a child of damnation. The whole force of my manhood revolts and rises up in enmity against an institution that cruelly exposes such children to be sold like cattle (loud applause). Look upon this child," he repeated in conclusion, "and take away with you an impression of her beauty, and remember to what a shocking fate slavery would bring her! May God strike for our armies and the right, that this accursed thing may be utterly destroyed" (renewed applause).

Mr. Beecher then baptized the child Fanny Virginia Cassiopia Lawrence, the last name being that of the lady who adopted her. He announced afterward, that although this good lady was in moderate circumstances, and was quite willing to bear unaided the burden that she had assumed, yet if any present desired to contribute to defray the expense of educating the child, the privilege would be given. In response, at the conclusion of the services, the donations were quite liberal. Plymouth Church is eminently the place of extraordinary incidents, but probably never before has an episode so stirred and affected the congregation.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER.

NEW ORLEANS, ON BOARD MATANZAS, April 22, 1863.
BRIG.-GEN. ULLMANN'S COMMAND.

MR. OLIVER JOHNSON—*Dear Sir:* Pleasant weather and a clear sun have made our voyage one of the most delightful. Studying tactics was almost out of the question; every day some new interest, to say nothing of the continued *grandeur* of the shoreless field of green, so solid in its massiveness as to tempt one to try Peter's experiment of a promenade over its cool-looking and ample surface. We saw the Blockading Squadron off Charleston. We were accompanied from Key West to this place by the steamer De Soto (gunboat), as it was thought perilous to risk the voyage alone, the object of our expedition having preceded us.

But the Mississippi! ah, its waters were seen far off out at sea. We saw the Northern deposits of soil (free soil) borne down to these regions and forming islands at the mouth, just as we Northern mudsills, in our "manifest destiny," *must* make *States* down here. Why, already, is not New Orleans a city of "steady habits" compared with former days? Clean streets, quiet, orderly—instead of the quadroon, Spanish, creole, half-Spanish, Anglo-French Babel of past time! You will have heard, before this, of course, of Banks's splendid victory, up the stream; four gunboats, including Queen of the West and Diana, recaptured and blown up. New Orleans has numbers of prisoners, just arrived. Everthing is hopeful. I have hopes of our command. We had Divine service at sea on two Sabbaths. Our chaplain warned us of the difficulties in store for us if we were not careful to respect the religious feelings of those with whom we had to deal; their moral and religious impressions, said he, must not be outraged by our acts. He very impressively urged this upon us, and, as usual, this "Ithuriel's spear" did its work, it brought out the squatting devil of *inefficient* anti-slavery; but, glory, glory enough for one day, it also gave us the welcome fact that real, strong, healthy anti-slavery is *here* in the *majority*. We *have* had some exhibitions of low shallowness, but, on the whole, I feel safe to say that *justice* will be done, in the main, to the colored troops and the colored people, by our command. The General's methodical, business-like manner of doing things, too, gives me more confidence in him every day.

Let me tell you my first incident on shore in the city. While passing along, I saw two sons of St. Crispin industriously working on the *leather*—both black as the ace of spades. The venerable old man, as I conversed with him, informed me that he had purchased his wife and two children. Incidentally, I found he had done this and paid the expenses of his son's schooling, while he himself remained a slave; and, but for the Proclamation, he would have died a slave. Venerable was he to me, as I scanned the *full* central top-head and white fleece of this noble man; but when I heard his life experience, to me he was more than a hero—he was a saint. If we can call Peter, with his bad language and his extreme *caution*, "saint," surely, surely, this man is already translated.

Incident second: On etering the horse-cars in Felicity road, I found myself saluting, per regulation, a soldier, in answer to his martial greeting. This soldier was as clear, spruce and bright a specimen of our profession as I had seen anywhere. His "get-up" was strikingly neat. Three chevrons ranked him as deserving of trust. He sat on the opposite seat from me. Promiscuously seated in the same car were *white* ladies, colored ladies, colored nurses, *white* gentlemen. A colored lady enters. Our Serjeant kindly and gracefully relinquishes his seat, passes to the front platform, without any forced or affected conventionality, and leaves quietly when arriving at his point of destination. There he goes, his neat, clean blue cloth foraging cap sitting gracefully on locks that curl as crisp as an Ogee bird's-eye-maple sofa pattern, shading a face as shiningly black as the most fastidious hatter would desire!

But I will not be tiresome. Please, if you can, send me some ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARDS. We in this command need them very much.

Yours, truly, CAPT. DAVID P. FRAUNCES.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on the 23d ult., at the house of her son-in-law, John Hasley, MARY PRICE, widow of the late John Price, of North Coventry, Chester Co., Pa., in the 80th year of her age.

Like her husband, gone before, whose memory is fondly regarded as that of one of the best of men, and most faithful of Christian ministers, this cherished widow will long have a place in the tenderest recollections of those who knew her.

Though advanced in years, she was not old in spirit. The elasticity of youth remained with her, and her quick and apprehensive intellect retained its brightness to the last. She was one of that small class of old people whose presence is ever welcome among the young, and who are companionable to people of all ages. She took a lively interest in everything transpiring around her, especially in works of benevolence and reform. Her chief happiness was found in promoting the happiness of others. She was earnestly religious, but her religion was of that practical kind which makes forms subordinate to substance, and shows itself in works of charity and justice.

This testimony is not borne by a partial friend, but by an impartial observer. It will be cheerfully subscribed to by all who knew its subject. M.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

It was positively asserted, a few days since, that Hooker had again crossed the Rappahannock with his whole force, and that the enemy had retreated. It is now as confidently affirmed that Hooker remains on this side the river, his preparations for another offensive movement not being completed.

The reasons for Hooker's retreat, says *The Tribune*, were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resources; and the withdrawal without a general battle was an evidence of the implicit confidence of the army in itself and of fidelity to the principles it represents. The Army of the Potomac will be the guardian of its own history—by its recent movements it has added new laurels to its former renown; it has made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his entrenchments, and inflicted heavier blows than it has received. It has taken 5,000 prisoners, 15 colors, 7 pieces of artillery, disabled 18,000 of the enemy, destroyed his depots, stores, communications, captured prisoners within his capital, and filled his country with consternation.

The results of Gen Stoneman's cavalry expedition, sent out for the purpose of destroying Gen. Lee's communications with Richmond, may be thus stated: The command of Gen. Stoneman was nearly nine days within the enemy's lines, visited nine different Counties, destroyed all the lines of communication, so that they cannot be used again for weeks to come; destroyed the Lynchburg Canal, captured several hundred horses, and destroyed a large quantity of public property—all with the loss of only two men killed and not over fifty wounded and taken prisoners, though several severe skirmishes took place. The negroes in the region visited were of great service to our forces—acting as guides, and aiding them in every possible manner.

Gen. Stoughton, who has just been released from captivity among the rebels, brings the report, current in the rebel capital, that during the recent attack by our iron-clads upon Fort Sumter, one shell from the Montauk passed completely through the fort—through both walls—and fell in the water on the opposite side. Several very bad breaches were made. The rebels say that if the firing had been continued twenty-five minutes longer the fort would have surrendered. The fire from our gunboats and iron-clads was terrific. In the city every preparation had been made for evacuation. Negroes had been sent out, moveables packed up, women and children sent off, and everything made ready for departure.

We have Admiral Porter's official dispatch to the government announcing the capture of Grand Gulf, on the Mississippi. On the 3d inst. Admiral Porter's gunboats proceeded to make a second attack, when the works were found to be evacuated, the enemy having blown up their ammunition and spiked their large guns. The works were found to be very extensive and strong, but were literally torn to pieces by the fire of the gunboats.

Gen. Grant has been successful almost beyond expectation in his new movement against Vicksburg. On Saturday a dispatch from him was received at the War Department, announcing that, after landing at Boulingsburg on the 30th ult., he moved immediately on Port Gibson, four miles south of which place, on the morning of the 1st inst., he met the enemy, 11,000 strong. An engagement ensued, lasting all day, and resulting in the entire rout of the rebels, with the loss of many killed and about five hundred prisoners, besides the wounded; our loss being about 100 killed and 500 wounded. The enemy, thoroughly demoralized, retreated towards Vicksburg, destroying two bridges on their way. These, however, were speedily rebuilt, and the pursuit was continued.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

New Orleans, May 1.—A practical step toward universal emancipation has been taken in the territory recently conquered by our troops. It has been ascertained that a conscription of negroes was about to be made by the rebel government, and a stirring appeal has been issued to the colored population, free and slave, to follow the national flag, which Gen. Banks declared is "now and forever the flag of Union and Liberty." Gen. Ullmann has as yet taken no public steps toward the completion of his brigade. Hundreds of negroes can be obtained in the newly captured territory, and the ranks of the colored corps will doubtless soon be filled.—*Evening Post.*

FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, May 10.—The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored) is full and expect shortly to enter active service. A second colored regiment, the Massachusetts Fifty fifth, has been started with a favorable promise of soon filling up.

THE ARMY ON THE CONTRABAND QUESTION.

Memphis, April 28, 1863.—*Editors Missouri Democra—Gents:* I am just up from Gen. Grant's army, near Vicksburg. Our loyal men may want to know from me, as well as from other soldiers, how the men in the army are pleased with the new policy of the Administration on the vexed "contraband" question. I can only say the policy as announced by Maj.-Gen. Thomas at Lake Providence and elsewhere among the troops, meets with a hearty and enthusiastic response from our noble soldiers. Entire unanimity of sentiment and harmony of feeling seem to prevail. I have never known the army in such excellent condition physically and morally as at the present time. I have been appointed agent in the sanitary business for the 3d Division—Maj.-Gen. John A. Logan's—and have thus occasion to travel much among our soldiers. From extensive observation as well as inquiry among them I am fully satisfied that disaffection and discord are banished from their ranks, and that lofty patriotism and sublime endurance characterize our men. Unlimited confidence is expressed in our leaders, Gens. Grant, McPherson, Logan, and others, and unbounded respect cherished for them.

Since our great and wondrous revival under the preaching of such true and high-toned men as Ajdt.-Gen. Thomas, Gen. McPherson and Gen. Logan, a great and astonishing change has come over the spirit of our dreams. The army is a unit in favor of the policy of the Administration—ready to do or die for the grand and glorious cause in which we are engaged. The second running of the blockade at Vicksburg and the activity and energy now displayed in Gen. Grant's department are cheering and hopeful signs of the final success of our arms. W. S. POST,
Chaplain 81st Illinois.

AN ILLINOIS BLACK REGIMENT.

We know of no good reason why the colored men of this State, many of whom desire to prove on the field, rather than in the newspaper, that the "negro will fight," may not be allowed to organize a regiment, or even a brigade, in Chicago. The Union men hereaway will not be shocked by witnessing an African drill; nor will they be converted into secesh by seeing "a dark complected" regiment leaving for the war. Copperhead sensibilities are always in a condition to be jarred by anything which promises to make a bullet hole or bayonet wound in a rebel; but as the war has ceased to be conducted upon the McClellan-Buel-Fitz Porter plan, the "feelings" of the sympathizers can be safely disregarded. We appeal to the Secretary of War to grant the authority that is asked at his hands. —*Chicago Tribune.*

ENLISTMENTS IN XENIA, OHIO.

On Sunday evening J. M. Langston, the able and eloquent colored orator, delivered an address to an immense audience at McMillan Hall. His object is to obtain recruits for the Massachusetts regiment of colored troops. The Secretary of War has granted to Gov. Andrew, of that State, authority to enlist a colored regiment, but as there are but a few thousand colored men, women and children in that State, it is found that they have not enough material to fill it. An appeal is made to Ohio to send her colored recruits to their aid. This has been undertaken by Mr. Langston, and most ably is he doing his duty. He is speaking in various portions of the State. His addresses are truly masterly in argument, facts and power of delivery. The effect of this *first* meeting was to procure *seventeen* volunteers on that evening. We trust our colored population will show its patriotism by sending at least as large a proportion of its number to the war as the whites of the County have done.—*Xenia Torchlight, 6th.*

DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE.

Murfreesboro, May 8.—Major Wiles, Provost-Marshal-General, is organizing negroes in this department into brigades, to be armed with spades, axes, picks, etc., for building fortifications, digging trenches, and for general fatigue purposes. Squads of 30 each will be placed under an East Tennessee refugee as overseer. One woman will be allowed as cook for ten men, and officers will be appointed to superintend paying and providing garrison equipage. Major W. thinks he will have 250 in a few days. The rest of the negro women and children will be sent to the rear of Gallatin to work on plantations, to raise provisions appropriate to their use.—*Tribune.*

NEGROES IN THE REBEL ARMY.

The correspondent of *The Times*, in his report of the naval attack on the rebel batteries at Grand Gulf, says the guns in the formidable series of rebel works, which caused such casualties to our sailors, and such damage to our river iron-clads, "*were in the main worked by negro troops.*"

STONEMAN'S RAID.

The correspondent of *The Times*, in his report of Stoneman's cavalry expedition in Eastern Virginia, says: "The negroes everywhere have an idea—how it got into their heads they cannot exactly tell, but it is there—that the Yankee troops were their friends, notwithstanding the contrary assertion of their masters, whom from infancy they have been taught to obey. They everywhere crowded upon our columns and begged to be permitted to go along, and not unfrequently brought one or more horses with them as a sort of bribe. They pointed out where valuable horses were concealed, gave information as to the movement of Confederate troops, and at several places sat up all night to bake corn cakes for the Yankees, and for which they asked no remuneration. Some of them were so overjoyed at the sight of our soldiers that they gave vent to their feelings in prayer, thanking Jesus fervently for sending us. Through their agency large quantities of provisions thus hid away were brought to light for the benefit of Union soldiers."

DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND.

At last something like a consistent policy is beginning to obtain in reference to the treatment of the freedmen who have fallen into our hands during the progress of the war. In the department of Gen. Grant a definite plan of operations was several weeks ago announced, and now we are informed that in the Department of the Cumberland a similarly definite system has been organized. In that department there are some twenty-five thousand able-bodied negroes; these are to be organized into companies of thirty each, commanded and superintended by loyal Tennesseeans who have been driven from their homes by rebel violence, and will be employed in building fortifications and roads, in removing obstructions, and in such other labor as they may be adapted to perform.

In this way the effectiveness of the army will be vastly increased, in that the pioneer and mechanic brigades hitherto employed exclusively in building bridges, constructing roads, erecting defences and the like, will return to more legitimate soldier duty; while at the same time the freedmen, judiciously directed, will be fitted for self-sustaining, effective labor, and advanced in their fitness for the condition of perfect freedom which they must soon occupy.

No doubt is entertained that the organization proposed will be successfully accomplished; indeed, it is said the first brigade will be organized with a delay of but a day or two. Undoubtedly it will one of these days prove a terrible shock to the sensitive slaveholding rebel leaders to find brigades of colored troops, commanded by loyal whites, who have been driven from their homes because they unfortunately owned no negroes, marching into their midst under the old flag, prepared to vindicate the law and reestablish the authority of the nation where it has long been defied.—*Evening Post.*

HOW COLORED SOLDIERS ARE TO BE TREATED.

The following letter from Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts is in reply to questions addressed him by Mr. Downing, concerning the position of colored troops in respect to pay, equipments, bounty and protection, compared with that of white volunteers:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, BOSTON, March 23, 1863.

GEORGE T. DOWNING, Esq., New York—*Dear Sir:* In reply to your inquiries made as to the position of colored men who may be enlisted and mustered into the volunteer service of the United States, I would say that their position, in respect to pay, equipments, bounty, or any aid and protection, when so mustered, will be precisely the same, in every particular, as that of any and all other volunteers.

I desire further to state to you, that when I was in Washington, on one occasion, in an interview with Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, he stated in the most emphatic manner that he would never consent that free colored men should be accepted into the service to serve as soldiers in the South until he should be assured that the government of the United States was prepared to guarantee and defend, to the last dollar and the last man, to these men, all the rights, privileges and immunities that are given, by the laws of civilized warfare, to other soldiers. Their present acceptance and muster-in, as soldiers, pledges the honor of the nation in the same degree and to the same rights with all other troops. They will be soldiers of the Union—nothing less and nothing different. I believe they will earn for themselves an honorable fame, vindicating their race and redeeming their future from the aspersions of the past.

I am yours truly, JOHN A. ANDREW.

A BLACK ENGINEER REGIMENT.

The following General Order of Gen. Banks, relative to the enlistment of a colored regiment, to serve as engineers, sappers, miners and pontoniers, has not been published before:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE GULF,
CAMP NEAR BATON ROUGE.
NEW ORLEANS, March 20, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER No. 78.—(*Extract.*)—3. A colored regiment will be organized forthwith for service for three (3) years or during the war, as engineers, sappers, miners and pontoniers, to have the organization prescribed by law for a regiment of engineer troops. Competent officers will be detailed for their discipline and instruction in the various trades incident to this arm of the service, as carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, miners, masons, boatmen, bridge builders, harness makers, etc., etc.,

Unemployed negroes will be enlisted wherever they are found, it being understood, however, that the labor on plantations now in cultivation is not to be interrupted by the enlistment of men engaged thereon. The negroes employed in the regimental camps will be limited to the number authorized by the Army Regulations, with two (2) to each regiment as cooks.

All negroes not so employed will be turned over to the Provost-Marshals of the several parishes, to be enlisted in this regiment according to their qualifications as mechanics and laborers, or employed upon the plantations, as may be deemed expedient. Enlisted privates will be paid five (5) dollars, corporals seven (7) dollars, sergeants ten (10) dollars per month; 1st sergeants fifteen (15) dollars per month, each with clothing and rations as provided for the army.

The field, staff and company officers and the non-commissioned staff will receive the pay and allowances provided by law for the officers and non-commissioned officers of infantry of corresponding grades, and will be selected from among the patriotic officers and soldiers of the Nineteenth Army corps, who possess energy, industry, integrity and capacity, and are interested for the welfare of the country. Preference will be given to those who, in addition to these qualities of every true soldier, are endowed with a large share of common sense, and are animated by a proper respect for the rights and conditions of different classes of men.

The officers will be provisionally commissioned by the Commanding General.

The regiment will be known and designated as the First Regiment of Louisiana Engineers.

The uniform will be fixed in future orders.

By command of Maj.-Gen. Banks.
RICH'D B. IRWIN, A. A. General.

TAKE AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL to stop your Colds, Coughs, and Bronchial Affections before they run into Consumption that you cannot stop.

DIED.

CARPENTER.—On the 12th inst., in Scarsdale, Westchester Co., in the 77th year of his age, ELISHA CARPENTER, a sincere and sympathizing friend of the oppressed of every clime and color.

Summary.

Indian troubles have broken out in Utah; twenty-four whites, in pursuit of stolen stock, have been murdered; seventeen Indians killed in retaliation, and three hundred whites are in pursuit of the notorious Winnemuck.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.—On the 25th ultimo fish sold for a dollar a pound in Chattanooga. A pair of boots at Tullahoma brought $75. Late rebel papers contain advertisements offering from $3,000 to $5,000 for substitutes. Rev. R. J. Graves, imprisoned at Raleigh, N. C., on a charge of treason against Jeff. Davis, has become insane.

A BIBLE FOR VALLANDIGHAM.—A conscientious citizen of Cincinnati, who has not lost all faith in Vallandigham or hope of his ultimate conversion, deeming his incarceration a fit opportunity, on Tuesday last sent him a Bible, the fly-leaf of which bore the following inscription:

"Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, from his friend David F. Levin. Prepare to meet thy God! April

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

So gaily beams the fair sunlight
O'er city, hill and glade,
'Tis hard to think its glances bright
Must ever throw a shade.
So blithely the sweet violet
Its tiny head uprears,
Ah! is it strange that we forget
Its life of dewy tears?

So readily we gather in
The golden-headed grain,
We soon forget the farmer's binn
Is filled by fruit of pain.
For who shall say or sun or flower,
Or Autumn's ripened store,
Is not well worth its toilsome hour,
Its shade and tears, and more?

So naturally we honored thee,
Our own sweet sunny land,
Ah! was it strange we could not see
The shades of pilgrim band?
So proudly thy loved sons shall mount
The hero's pedestal,
Why should they ever think to count
The ills that first must fall?

So joyously we then shall grasp
Their honored hands in ours,
We shall not think how oft that clasp
Was missed in other hours.
For who shall say an evil braved
Does not all fears allay?
And who shall say a nation saved
Does not all grief outweigh?

UNA.

THE HOUR AND THE WOMAN.

Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

NEW YORK, April 28, 1863.

THE hour, and the woman, at last! We waited long. Long for the hour; longer still for the woman. For a half century, the foul stain upon our ensign deepened and corroded. The figure of Liberty was almost effaced. The motto mocked us. The American eagle became a soaring paradox. Southern overseers brought their plantations and plantation whips to Washington, and made cotton pickers of our Northern statesmen. When insolence and tyranny struck, at last, upon a barrier, they towered into bold rebellion, and like the possessed animals of old, went dashing down a steep hill to their own sea of destruction. The cause of rebellion has become rebellion's Nemesis. The hour is come! When the country was at its darkest, when, occupied with an infuriate foe in front, a craven, treacherous band assailed her "in the back." A Philadelphia woman, another maid of Orleans, in youth, in chivalric daring and grave forecast, in sweet womanly grace and lambent genius, looked out from the hospital where, among sick and wounded soldiers, her hands had been doing noble service—looked out into the darkness upon our blood-stained fields, our dumb, eloquent dead, our massed, expectant armies—the rebels before, the traitors behind, the special portents gathering in the east—in New Hampshire and Connecticut—and then rose up with solemn purpose, and went forth with her slight, well-knit and nervous frame, her young face and fiery eye, her pure accentuation, her refined culture, her country-loving and God-fearing womanhood—and stood among the people. Stood where strong men dread to stand, in the fierce strife of a political canvass—stood safe and sacred, as one commissioned, and spoke her burning words with such effect (we may well believe so, after listening to her), that the turgid tide turned back, and New England was redeemed. With the hour had come the woman!

Ever since the nation had life, women here and there, in different stations, periods and crises, have broken conventional shell or crust, peeped and piped their little hour, and disappeared. The time had not come. The call was a mistaken one. The motive was not worthy. Inglorious self! Woman's rights! Woman's sphere! Woman's equality with man! No fire came down to lips nor altar places. Empty words, unimpassioned sound, rant, made no heroines. No electric thrill awoke the universe. If any aimed at higher ground, and one or two there were, whose written words and daily lives marked them great for any work—the time was not yet ripe. All had their cliques and adherents, of greater or less range and degree, but the supreme public acknowledged no compelling effluence, born of inspiration—no divine afflatus, making the hour an epoch. Last Tuesday night, New York, for the first time, met, and recognized its living priestess. It was an occasion, such as comes to souls, but seldom in a lifetime, that enthusiastic confirmation of a new type of womanhood.

A born orator! Anna E. Dickinson has made her mark upon the age. She entered the large hall of Cooper Institute, upon the arm of Charles Gould, at eight o'clock precisely—for all the world as if she had done it every night of her life—yet that hall was crowded, every inch, and far into the lobby (hundreds outside unable to enter) and the heartiest acclaim greeted her. It was not assurance, nor abstraction, but a simple, child-like grace and unconsciousness. What she was about to do, was the most natural consequence of her deep conviction. She saw nothing *outre* in her position. It was a goodly audience, and she would pour out her patriotic heart to it. Seated for an instant, her face lighted and smiled all over at some side word from Mr. Beecher, who then introduced her. She came forward, took her "right" as the free gift of genius; and the spell began! It is difficult—not to say ungracious and ungrateful—to reduce chain-lightning to first principles. I shall not attempt it. How it ran over that crowd! How it started the tears! How it crinkled into smiles! How it scorched and excoriated! How it darted and flashed and blazed and illumined! I have scarcely taken a long breath since. Of course, we women are very proud. Proud in a very humble way, knowing that not one of us could do it if we tried. But the best effect of all was upon the lordly brotherhood! Every prejudice carried by storm. Top-sails reefed—wonder, admiration, delectation, shining out through every man-entrenchment. The lordliest said nothing, but—coming, some of them, too late for seats—stood the whole hour and a half in the aisle, in silent ravishment. The male men insisted that she "never could carry it off so well if she hadn't such magnificent eyes, and such a *taking way* generally." As if the glory of the eyes did not lie in the electric passionful tide of soul—ebbing, flowing—ebbing, flowing, behind them! As if the taking way were not the very heart of her mystery! As I came out the door, a man of the people was saying, with unction: "Isn't she some?" The testimony was condensed and graphic, in keeping with the subject, and I record it here—the crowning tribute of the evening. As the keen scalpel of the fair anatomist was dividing the very joints and marrow of a General—"nameless here, for evermore" (forgive me, sweet Lenore!)—her sheet-lightning sarcasm playing a running accompaniment, cauterizing and scorifying each member as it fell—one of the faithful—the only one, I fear, in all the crowd—vented a wrung and tortured hiss. In an instant the whole audience sprang up, as a man, and cried, "Put him out!" When a policeman had done the deed, Mr. Beecher begged the congregation to compose itself, as the man had been squelched, and the lady was triumphant! The head, face and pose of the interrupted speaker, during this episode, were a study for Van Dyke.

Henry Ward Beecher's face, during her whole appeal, would have puzzled and defied even Healey. It reflected (in its way) all the phosphorescent wonders. A little farther back upon the platform might be seen the pale, pure, restful, yet sensitive face of another editor of *The Independent*, kindling and chiming to the strain. Still further in the rear, one caught occasional glimpses of the literary editor of *The Tribune*—now here, now there—fairly startled into a shade of perturbation! His satirical domain had been invaded, and by a woman! The *New American Cyclopædia* would be obliged to go back to its D's, and insert this anomaly of a Dickinson. Gentleman and scholar, in the truest sense of the words, he would be just even to a rival. Among the platform faces, too, was that of Ex-Gov. Morgan, giving rapt attention. Far off from behind a huge pillar, peered occasionally the fine head and benignant face of that dreadful man of white hats and coats, mismated boots, and all things "radical and iniquitous," Horace Greeley. Yet when the audience called loudly for him—Miss Dickinson having rung out her last clarion note—he had disappeared or was oblivious; and Mr. Beecher suggested that "after a true woman had ceased speaking, the next thing should be music" (as if Horace were not music). So the Hutchinsons sang in stirring strains. And still the unsatisfied crowd called for "more." More speaking! They had tasted the divine elixir of impassioned eloquence, and like children, would exhaust the sensation. Mr. Beecher rose again, and told them they had taken all they could bear. That physicians advised us to leave the dinner-table hungry, or at least unsatisfied. That we were in just that condition, and this meeting *was dismissed!* Then everybody who could gathered about Miss Dickinson, and the nervous hand must have ached with the good feeling, sympathy, admiration, and something still more fervid, I half suspect, in some isolated instances, pressed into it.

Spare the little hands, good friends, they are half the performance. The subtle flame of oratory plays through them as it never could through "large man's hands." And here other women speakers have made their worst failure. They have affected mannish gesture, and pose, and dignity, and drapery. Miss Dickinson is preëminently a woman, with nothing but a woman's artillery, to conduct and propel electric forces. There is a spice of coquetry, even in the facile play of her hands, just enough to show a natural aptness—what might be, if life's emergencies were not, just now, so grave and exacting. Then, too, nothing could be more effective than a tense, nervous, yet repressed action of hands and arms, as they hang straight down, close to the figure, almost rigid in their intense expression. But we must not kill our latest and best phœnix with over nice analysis, nor excess of praise. The Lord make his face to shine upon her, and bless to the country of her love the brave words she has spoken!

THE FREEDMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THEIR APPEARANCE, MANNERS, CUSTOMS AND PECULIARITIES.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

III.

PORT ROYAL, April 3, 1863.

I COME now to speak more particularly of the people—their customs, mode of life, and appearance.

They are not a good-looking people. I did not see the soldiers, who are, of course, the flower of the population; they were in Florida. But I saw those employed as laborers, on the docks, as well as those remaining on the plantations.

In the schools I was struck with the singular shape of many heads. Some seemed to me to denote a very low order of intellect; but I must add that the two children, a boy and girl, whose appearance bespoke the least mental power, were counted among the best scholars in their school, and acquitted themselves handsomely in my presence. They were the children of a poor woman who had been for many years cruelly abused by her master—so far as I could judge from her story and that of others, because she possessed an unruly tongue. She had suffered treatment so inhuman that I cannot describe it here; I will only say, that not only her back but her breasts bore deep scars, the marks of unmerciful and brutal flogging. I could not help thinking that her children had suffered in looks and development from their mother's condition.

It is a fact that the whole population bears the marks of bondage. They do not look like the negroes of our Northern States, born and reared in freedom. Compared with these they struck me as decidedly a grade lower in the scale. But when we consider that a generation of freedom has worked this improvement in our Northern blacks we need not despair of these Carolinians.

They dress, on week days, in a style which does not add to their appearance. The rags which surprised and amused me as worn by the school children were repeated on their parents. Their gowns do not often fit neatly; the clothes seem to hang upon a field hand, realizing the old sailor's figure of "purser's shirt upon a handspike"; and to see a company of them together in the field made me think of an extraordinary collection of scarecrows. Of course there are exceptions; those who were house servants dress more neatly; and those now servants in houses do as well. But I speak of the greater number.

On Sundays the men and women put on their best, and present a bright and cheerful appearance. They are fond of brilliant colors, and might, I should think, be easily taught the art of fitting dress. I ought to say that all were clad with propriety; I saw nowhere indecent exposure of the person.

THEIR CABINS.

In their dress, and in the furnishing of their cabins, they have changed but little yet. Taste in these matters has to be acquired slowly; they have always been accustomed to a certain fashion of house and dress, and know nothing beyond or different. They have no models before them to imitate; for in this region there were but two classes, the slaves and the masters—no middle class, enjoying cheap comforts, to allure the class below them to a more inviting mode of life.

The cabins are small, and contain two rooms—one called by the people the *hall*, wherein is the great open fireplace; the other a dark hole, in which the older people sleep, and in which, too, I believe their valuables are kept. Above is a loft, a general receptacle for those innumerable odds and ends which the slave cherished as "property." The younger people of the house sleep on rugs before the fire.

Every cabin is full of children, of all sizes. I stopped in one to speak to a sick woman, and was presently surrounded by half a dozen wide-eyed youngsters, the mother, with a babe in her arms, standing near me.

"You have a large family," said I to her.

"Yes, sah," said she, not quite taking in my question; "I've had twenty-three children." She did not look to be more than forty years old.

The cabins are, for the most part, whitewashed outside; inside they are smoke-stained, and on rainy days dark—for there are no glass windows—but not close, the fireplace acting as an excellent ventilator. In every cabin hung a hand-net, for fishing; near all the quarters I saw piles of oyster shells. On rainy days, when out-door work is impossible, the men sit at home and mend their nets, while the women sew. I was amused at the exclamation of an old woman:

"Why dese Yankees, dey's de mos' wonderful people! when dey gives you needles, dey gives you tree to once!" She went on to explain that in the old times her mistress gave each slave woman one needle to last a whole year!

Their cabins are not dirty, but they have a cheerless look to a Northern man. Doubtless those men who are now employed in the army and navy will bring back with them improved ideas and new wants, and will work a change both in dress and furniture. I noticed that on some walls were hung pictures from the illustrated journals; and I have no doubt cheap colored prints would find a ready sale.

You are to remember that not only have these people no standard or model, according to which to make even slight improvements in their cottages, but they have never, until now, had the means, even if they knew how; and even now, if they have saved money, they cannot buy—simply because they are not sold here—any one of the hundred trifles for which a Northern housekeeper goes to the "store" across the street, or a little way down the lane, or if she lives too far away, applies to the pedler when he comes along on his high-perched wagon. The day which sees the introduction on these islands of the itinerant Yankee pedler will be an important one. If he is only moderately honest, and quick-witted, he will be a valuable helper in advancing civilization here.

To us, who have been long accustomed to a certain air of comfort and tidyness, it seems extraordinary that these people should live contentedly in the way they do, one moment longer than is absolutely necessary. In our minds this squallor is linked with drunkenness and vicious improvidence; and we unconsciously dislike those who live in this condition. These were my emotions, I confess, when I first entered the cabins of the people here. Those astounding agglomerations of rags, this which seemed to me the most dreary discomfort, the gloom through which, standing before the inner room, you heard a voice—the voice of some old crone—without seeing her figure; all this made my heart sink, at first, and I said to myself, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! what can be done with all this?"

But I found that the rags were clean; that you can safely visit the cabins—the only animal likely to assail you there being the flea, which is at home also in the "mansion." I found that the whole affair is not nearly so bad as it looks; and when I came to compare the overseers' and the planters' houses with the "quarters," I saw in the one as many traces of what Miss Ophelia called "shiftlessness," as in the other. The blacks could not learn from the whites, because the whites themselves did not know what comfort or neatness was. Beaufort was probably one of the wealthiest places in the South—it was the home of wealthy families and their house-slaves. But it has not a single one of the many conveniences which so quickly gather about a New England village or a western town; and though there are some hundreds of houses in the places, all large, roomy and evidently built by men who cared little for expense, there is, I am told, but one in the place which contains what we include in the phrase "modern conveniences."

Nor are you to forget that in a state of slavery these blacks were rigidly kept to a certain uniform, in dress and other surroundings, which was the mark of their servile condition, just as were the Jews in the middle ages. In fact, many things here reminded me of the oppressions practiced upon the Jews in Europe almost down to our own days. Like the blacks, they were regarded as of a peculiar race; the strongly marked physiognomy of the Hebrew set him and his apart quite as much, in Europe, as the negro's color separates him from us; and any one who has travelled through Germany knows that the prejudice which existed there, till within twenty years, was just as strong, as unreasoning, and apparently as unconquerable, as that which prevails in this country against the blacks. Americans know but little of the violence of this old-time prejudice against the Jews in Germany; but any German who reads this will bear me out in the assertion that the Jewish face was as bitterly despised and the Jew's rights as little regarded by the common people in that country thirty years ago as are the black skin and the rights of its possessor in the South to-day.

I am making no excuse for the blacks in all this. They do not need it, for they display a disposition to make a better figure in the world, which proves that it is not they, but their masters, who are to blame if they make a poor show now.

INCREASING WANTS.

"Stores" have been established on different parts of the island for the use of the blacks. Some of these were set up by superintendents, others by charitable societies in the North. Here goods are sold to the people at prices which cover the cost and expenses of transportation and management—that is to say, at the same rates at which the provident New Englander buys in the well-known "Union Store," whose sign would puzzle many a travelling Englishman. The terms in these shops are "strictly cash"; nothing is sold on credit. I was assured that the wants of the people, judged by this excellent index, are increasing; every new supply laid in includes a greater *variety* of wares; and it happens even that negroes on St. Helena or Port Royal Islands go to Beaufort to buy, because they cannot obtain what they want nearer at hand. The people own more clothing than before—this was the universal reply to my questions upon this point. "For instance, men and women I know have a pair of fine shoes for Sunday and a pair of coarse shoes for working days," said one to me.

Mr. Philbrick, who has had great experience amongst them, and who himself set up a "store" in the district of which he had charge last year, says that "their wants are increasing about as fast as their ability to pay." In his shop on Coffin's Point, the sales of one year, among a population or clientage of four hundred and fifty persons, amounted—at cost and expenses—to quite five thousand dollars; all, or very nearly all, paid for in money.

They have strong affections for their children. It is well known that few men run away to us alone; as a rule they come off bringing with them their wives and little ones—often from great distances, and at frightful risks. An intelligent observer remarked to me that he thought they were more careful of their little ones now that they—and not the masters—own them. Perhaps. The little things are fat enough, and are easily taught the virtue of obedience.

PECULIARITIES.

The people are universally polite. If you address a man he touches his hat to you; as you ride past the quarter, on Sunday afternoons, when all are at home, the women gather in rows outside, to see you, and the whole line curtsies, with a sudden bend of the knees, which has a somewhat comical effect at first.

While slaves, of course their days were claimed by the masters; and consequently they contracted a habit of transacting their own private business after nightfall. If you remember that a whole community was thus forced to provide for its interests after sunset, you will see what a singular state of affairs obtained in this way. Now this old habit still prevails; one superintendent remarked that the road in his district was more crowded, and more people passed, in one night than in three days. There results sometimes this, that a superintendent, going to his stable in the morning, finds to his surprise that his horse seems wearied and worn, as though he had been ridden all night—and no one knows anything about it; or he finds, as one friend did, that his harness, taken off the horse the evening before, will not fit at all; it is too large, or too small; it has been let out, or taken in. In feudal Germany, some centuries ago, such incidents were common too; and there superstition laid the blame to some evil-disposed spirit, some Rübezal or other mountain goblin, who thus amused himself at the expense of the master. But our more matter-of-fact Yankees know that the mysterious rider is a fellow with a black skin; and that the harness has been fitted, over night, to the neighbor's pony, or to the lean Rosinante of the ploughman.

Another odd habit created by their enslaved condition, but lasting into freedom, is this, that men not unfrequently live on one place, and their wives in another, and at some distance away. It is curious to trace the steps by which a habit, once formed, covers up its tracks, so to speak, and hides its origin. Undoubtedly this separatism was brought about by the fact that men would more or less frequently take for wives women living at a distance, and whom their masters could not or would not buy. But it has come about, now, that young men prefer to live at home and cling to their mothers, while the young women in like manner cling to their fathers. Professor Zacchos, on Paris Island, related to me a story exemplifying this trait, which has a quaint antique flavor and manner about it.

It seems that a young fellow on Paris Island made love to, and took for a wife, a young girl whose family lived on St. Helena's, separated from Paris by a narrow sound. The two really loved each other; they were married in regular form; but after living some weeks with her husband the girl returned one day to her father's house, and there remained. The husband cried, but ineffectually, to persuade her back; she was ready to receive him, anxious to see him, but she clung to her father and mother, and these supported her in this course, and would not hear of her going away.

One day the husband, exasperated at this state of affairs, collected a number of young fellows, his friends, went in a boat to St. Helena's at a time when his wife's people were away in the fields, and forcibly carried her off.

There the affair rested for some days, till one day Dr. Zacchos, who knew nothing of this till afterwards, was called to settle what threatened to be a severe and even bloody quarrel. He hastened to the scene and beheld, drawn up on opposite sides, two bands of men, menacing each other with angry looks, and midway between them, appealing now to one and then to the other side, a young girl.

The parents had determined to recapture their daughter; the father had gathered a party of friends, and with them crossed, in his turn, to Paris Island, had seized the girl, and was conveying her to his boat, when the husband, collecting also a force, advanced to resist this novel rape. Neither party would hear reason, and a battle was imminent.

The presence of a white man produced a momentary calm. On a hearing of the case, in which I believe both parties agreed as to the material facts, he explained to the people that Mary had willingly married Sam; that she still loved him, according to her own declaration; and that whatever might have been the custom while slavery prevailed, it was now right that husband and wife should live together. The parents, he declared, had no more claim to their daughter.

At this there was evident dissatisfaction on one side; whereupon the faithful Sam, sure of his wife's affection, announced that it was best to leave it to her decision. Now mark what was her judgment. She said:

"I your wife, Sam; I love you; I love my fader and mudder too; in de spring time and in harvest, when de hard work is in de field, I come live wid you; when no hard work to do in de field, den I go live at home and you come live wid me."

And this judgment was thought so reasonable, that public opinion sustained the girl.

A NEW LIKENESS OF WASHINGTON.

A NEW likeness of Washington has recently come to light. It is a copy of a print supposed to have been executed by St. Memirn, a celebrated French artist, and which is now quite rare, if, indeed, the copy recently brought out is not the only one now in existence. The Boston *Journal* says of it:

"This print was preserved in the family of David Nichols, Esq., of Salem, to whom it descended from a maternal ancester. It is a little smoke-begrimed picture, in a black and unprepossessing frame, and was so little prized that it was for a long time suffered to remain neglected in the kitchen. Finally it had become so dim and indistinct that the picture was taken out for the purpose of putting another one into the frame, when, on removing the back, the following certificate was found:

"'This was done in New York, in 1790, and is acknowledged by all to be a very strong likeness.

"'B. GOODHUE.'

"Hon. Benjamin Goodhue was the member of the first Congress of the United States from Essex Co., Mass., and was an intimate friend of Washington, whose confidence he enjoyed. The authenticity of the certificate is unquestioned. There is a tradition that when Washington was expected in Salem, Mr. Goodhue, who was then in New York, was requested to send a likeness of him from which to prepare a medallion or picture with which to adorn a triumphal arch. This engraving came into the possession of an ancestor of Mr. Nichols about that time, and was probably the one which Mr. Goodhue forwarded.

"The picture gives a profile view of the face, and differs in some respects from the commonly received likenesses, but admirably conveys the mingled benignity, firmness and dignity which were so characteristic of Washington. As a likeness, it is said by the venerable Josiah Quincy, who has seen it, to satisfy his recollections of Washington, as he appeared in 1789 and 1790, when he visited Boston. At that time Mr. Quincy saw him twice or thrice, and afterward several times in 1795. In a letter to Mr. Nichols our distinguished fellow-townsman says:

"'The common likenesses of Washington, unlike those of Stuart, which were painted subsequently to 1789, give a false expression to his mouth, owing to his having at this period false teeth, the dentists of that day having not the skill to conceal their work like those of the present time. I regard the portrait in your possession as quite valuable.'

"An enlarged copy of this portrait has been drawn by Ames."

MITHRIDATES AT CHIOS.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

KNOW'ST thou, oh slave-cursed land!
How, when the Chian's cup of guilt
Was full to overflow, there came
God's justice in the sword of flame
That, red with slaughter to its hilt,
Blazed in the Cappadocian victor's hand!

The heavens are still and far;
But, not unheard of awful Jove,
The sighing of the island slave
Was answered, when the Ægean wave
The keels of Mithridates clove,
And the vines shriveled in the breath of war.

"Robbers of Chios! hark,"
The victor cried, "to Heaven's Decree!
Pluck your last cluster from the vine,
Drain your last cup of Chian wine,
Slaves of your slaves, your doom shall be
In Colchian mines by Phasis rolling dark."

Then rose the long lament
From dusk Delphinium's holy caves;
The priestess rent her hair and cried,
"Woe! woe! The gods are sleepless-eyed!"
And, chained and scourged, the slaves of slaves,
The lords of Chios into exile went.

"The gods at last pay well,"
So Helias sang her taunting song,
"The fisher in his net is caught,
The Chian hath his master bought,"
And isle from isle, with laughter long,
Took up and sped the mocking parable.

Once more the slow, dumb years
Bring their avenging cycle round,
And, more than Helias taught of old,
Our wiser lesson shall be told,
Of slaves uprising, freedom-crowned,
To break, not wield, the scourge wet with their blood and tears.

—*Independent.*

* It is recorded by Nicolas the Peripatetec that the Chians, when subjugated by Mithridates of Cappadocia, were delivered up to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to Colchis. Athenæus considers this a just punishment for their wickedness in first introducing the slave-trade into Greece. From this ancient villany of the Chians the proverb arose: "The Chian hath bought himself a master."

THE REBELLION RECORD.

From The Journal of Commerce.

IN former times the history of wars was made by those who controlled the great sources of public information. Kings gave such inclination to history as seemed best to serve their purposes. The materials for subsequent historical writings were of the most meagre sort. The General's report, the conversation of courtiers, here and there a manuscript from some private individual, these alone survived to be the small basis on which to build historical structures. We may well hesitate to accept the stories of Herodotus, gathered from such scant sources of information, and Xenophon himself must remain uncontradicted only for the reason that he was the maker of the history he wrote, and no one could require that he make or write it truly.

So even at as late a period as the American Revolution the materials for history are very few, and the suspicion has been again and again suggested that the scarcity of material had enabled some writers of history to suppress contemporary manuscripts which were the only existing proofs of the carelessness or the prejudice which had led to mistakes in the historian. *The Rebellion Record* of Mr. Frank Moore is therefore one of the most remarkable literary works of any age, for it ensures the fact that the war will go down to the future ages without possibility of concealment as to facts, motives or policies pursued by the contestants.

Examining it in this view, we are more and more astonished at the impartiality with which the editor pursues his labors, and the invaluable results for the benefit of the country and the world which he is bringing out of them. As the war goes on it daguerreotypes itself on the pages of *The Record*, every feature standing out clear and distinct. All the movements of those who stand behind the scenes and direct the drama are visible to the eye, from the remarkable collocation which is effected in these pages. Causes and effects are brought close together, and none can be so blind as not to see the connection.

Aside from the great historical value of the work, it is also to be noted that in a war like this, where millions are directly and indirectly interested in the various events, scarcely a man, woman or child in the land fails to find in *The Record* some passage of deep personal interest. The battle in which a brother, father, husband or son, perhaps fell, must always possess the deepest interest to the family. The song that a stranger has written about that battle has a music or a pathos of peculiar significance.

Hence such a record is of special interest in American homes, and in this regard the work must be considered as wholly unrivalled by any former publication of a historic or descriptive character. It is a constant and unfailing book of reference. It furnishes the orator with all the history of the times; it answers the questions which men discuss, and about which they differ in every village, town and city; the courts refer to it for the decision of important points, and editors are relieved of the labors of hours of almost hopeless searching for authorities by the index, which presents the matter before them at a glance.

The plan of the work is peculiar and happy. It contains three divisions: 1. A diary of events, giving from day to day the occurrences of the war in all parts of the country. 2. Official documents, and in this department the work is peculiarly valuable, from the accurate revised reports which it furnishes, and which are elsewhere inaccessible. 3. Poetry, incidents, anecdotes, etc. This last feature has a historic value hitherto unappreciated. When one wished to write the songs of a nation in order to control its character, he but expressed the great fact that its character is visible in its favorite songs.

So, too, a vast amount of history, the finishing tints, the character-lines of the historical portraiture, are to be derived from the anecdotes, facetiæ, the common jokes of a people.

We have given more than usual notice to *The Rebellion Record*, because it is becoming one of the institutions of the country during the war, is a novelty in literature, and an illustration of the advance of the arts and sciences in this age of the world.

If we had such a record of the days of Miltiades, of the stormy times of Julius Cæsar, of the campaigns of the great Charles, and of the times of Napoleon, we should be able to appreciate with tremendous force the truth that God has made all men of one blood, and that human passions, arguments, hopes, fears, employments, and ways of doing and thinking bear close resemblance to each other in all ages. As it is, we must be content to go down to posterity on the pages of *The Record*, to be an example or a warning to the remotest generations of mankind.

From Commodore Cadwalader Ringold, U. S. N.

MARCH 10, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: Having occasion recently to use professionally the various proclamations promulgated by the European Powers, touching the "Rights of Neutrals," etc., in my search for copies I could not find them until I was directed to the numbers of your valuable work, *The Rebellion Record*.

I have frequently referred to this memoir and history of the events of the great struggle our country is engaged in, but while recently at sea the opportunity more carefully to examine several numbers was afforded me. I find them replete with information useful to the officers and men of the navy.

Our seamen are generally intelligent, and much more so of late, owing to the introduction into our navy of many of our enterprising and well-educated young men, in their desire to serve the country. Our people all read much, and take great interest in our national honor and concerns, and no class of citizens more so than our hardy tars.

If, therefore, copies of your valuable work were freely circulated on board our public ships, I am satisfied the happiness of the crews would be increased and encouragement given to a devotion to duty. To make honorable mention of acts of heroism and merit by our seamen or soldiers would be appreciated by their having the advantage of a perusal of its pages, and would have the effect to stimulate them to emulation.

Hoping to see a wide circulation and encouragement given to your excellent production,

I am very truly yours,
CADWALADER RINGOLD,
Commodore U. S. N.

HEADQUARTERS INSPECTOR OF ARTILLERY, U. S. A.,
WASHINGTON, March 2, 1863.

FRANK MOORE, ESQ.—*My Dear Sir:* It gives me great pleasure to inform you that I consider *The Rebellion Record* a most valuable publication. As a depository of the documents and statistics of the rebellion, official and unofficial, arranged and indexed as they are in so systematic a manner, it is not only of great *present* service, but must prove of incalculable benefit to the future historian.

The Record has on more than one occasion supplied me with statistical information not otherwise to be procured.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM F. BARRY,
Brigadier-General, Inspector of Artillery, U. S. A.

CENSUS OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1863.

FRANK MOORE, ESQ.—*My Dear Sir:* I have examined the current numbers of *The Rebellion Record* with great interest, and have made frequent reference to it for facts no where else to be obtained.

I look upon it as a valuable addition to the historical literature of the day, as well as an accession to (and greatly to be valued therefore) the statistical information of the times.

Yours truly,
JOHN C. G. KENNEDY, Sup't.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

From The London Dial.

WE imagine that the ladies whose fine art contributions now cover the walls of the gallery at 48 Pall-mall, would be the first to object to any sort of favor, in the matter of criticism, being shown to their works, on the score that the authors are women. A woman's fingers are more taper and pliable than a man's, her fancy clearer, brighter, purer; and therefore we are at a loss to conceive many serious disqualifications for success in an art which is degraded by coarseness and vulgarity, and thrives only in an atmosphere of refinement. For obvious reasons, we may never see the day when women will aspire to rival Michael Angelo in the delineation of the human form, nor shall we repine on that account; but the delicacy of Raphael's contours, the dreamy softness of Corregio's light, shade, and color, might come blended, and, as the poet puts it, "mended" from a woman's pencil. Placing their faculties thus high, it would be inconsistent in us to temporise with the shortcomings of the early efforts of the English ladies now publicly displayed, and demanding impartial criticism. Owing, no doubt, to drawbacks of a domestic nature, the daring flights of the fair sex upwards towards the sublime heaven of this great art have been few and brief. Their general subjects must be controled or limited. They love to linger in sunny spots about home as fairies dwell around the hearth, and when they wander forth they seek the silent green lane or forest glade, where the primroses and violets scent the air. Sometimes we find them on the coast, but it is only when the sea is calm and smiling. When the waves roll high, and the storm on land tears up the great tree by the root, then of course it is hardly to be expected as a general rule that ladies will remain out of doors, or, like Turner, rub their hands with delight, and set out in the rain on a wrecking expedition along the rocky shore, or that they will lash themselves to the mast of a fishing smack, and dive down into the trough of the sea, or ride over its foaming furrows, to make what Mr. Ruskin would call "wave studies." But we need hardly say that the tender constitution of woman must ever debar her from much of the rude adventure and experience which fall to the lot of man, and, as a consequence, her works will ever lack the versatility which marks the productions of man. But there are scenes of human afflictions and sufferings which the strong man shrinks from. In the hospital after battle, at the sick bed of home keeping long night watches, the brave woman who cannot face the blast nor confront the foe at the cannon's mouth will soothe the pillow of death calmly. She can be patient and brave when the strong man would be overcome. Here what a large wide sphere is allotted to woman! Subjects of the heart, of home, and of all the joys and all the sorrows of life, are known and felt by woman, and where genius has fixed its seal on the brow can be delineated by fair hands on canvas or on marble, in prose or in verse.

In the youngful state of the Society of Female Artists, it would be wrong to expect mature works; yet among the general average of drawings—done for the most part to while away the tedious hours, by those who pursue art for amusement on rainy days—will here and there be found good pictures. Miss Kate Swift has a composition called "The Butterfly and the Bee," in which two sisters, evidently the daughters of a fisherman, are made to explain the pretty title. We trace powers of no common order in this work. The subject is ingeniously conceived and skilfully expressed. It is solid in touch, rich in color, and composed with breadth. One sister sits quietly mending her father's nets; the other, with equal attention to the vanities of life, is placing a jewel in her ear. The two characters are strikingly contrasted. So with Miss Carpenter's portrait of the sculptor Gibson. Few painters of the Royal Academy could boast a better style of treatment. The likeness is admirable. Again, in the portraits of the Brothers Grimm, by Madame Jerichau, we have faces full of thought, modelled with a care that might have satisfied Lavater himself; while, as a work of art, the picture might content the nicest judge. Again, in a rocky scene, "Die Hohe Campe—Bavaria," by Mrs. Folingsby, we discover a masciline force in the delineation of a scene as wild and rugged as the robber dens of Salvator Rosa. A perfect study of Swedish life will be found in Amelia Lindegren's interior, called "Grandmamma's Pet," in which a cute little boy is bent upon threading an old woman's needle. These works, which are painted in oil, are in every sense mature. In flower painting the lady artists are unrivalled, as many examples in the gallery will testify. In calm and placid scenes, where every charm of wood, water, and serene skies are united, much skill and fine taste is manifest in the collection. In a sketch in water colors of "Wargrave on the Thames," Mrs. W. O. Oliver has caught the true characters of the sedgy bank, ancient tower, and quiet hamlet lurking within the dark shadows of elm trees. "On the Thames looking towards Bray," is a study, also in water colors, by Mrs. Wilkes, in which a great effect is produced by the mastery of a few salient points, as at the turn of the river, where the clump of trees, darkly reflected in the water, reveals the surface of the current in silver ripples. In Miss J. Forster's "Mountain Stream," we have the opposite quality of minute finish and love of detail without the loss of breadth. In architectural subjects Miss Louise Rayner again displays unusual mastery in a drawing of "Thomas à Becket's Chapel, Canterbury." A singularity of tint formerly deprived the interiors by this lady of half their value. We notice a healthy advance in this important respect in the picture of the "Martyr's Chapel," and also in another production of the same hand having for its subject "The Prentice Pillar—Roslyn Chapel." Among the rustic figures, Miss F. Hewitt's "Fern Gatherer" will be regarded with pleasure for its exceeding delicacy; while for its genial atmosphere the picture, in oil, of two girls on the sea shore, by Georgina Swift, entitled "On the Look-out," will not fail to win admiration.

A SUPPER WITH ALEXANDER DUMAS.

[A writer in *Bentley's Miscellany* thus describes a supper given by Alexander Dumas:]

YESTERDAY, at eleven o'clock in the evening, a crowd of artists, literary and even learned men, as also of pretty women, friends of the poet-romancer, crowded the ground floor, which, decorated for their reception, was dazzling to contemplate. The most beautiful gilt mediæval statuettes, works of modern fancy, detached themselves all round from the garnet-hued paper hangings, which were here and there soberly relieved by great golden nails; whilst on the vast chimney the antique "Thief," in bronze, four to five feet in height, raising up its arms between two immense china vases flowing over with flowers and leaves, baths, and creepers, seemed to applaud the great Venus of Milo, who, white and serene, stood opposite to him on the top of a sculptured pedestal, dominating all the other statues.

An oaken frieze extended from the floor to the height of the elbow all round beneath the garnet-hued paper-hangings, on one side of which was an admirable Gothic *prie Dieu* with colored sculptures of the Annunciation; on the other a side-table loaded with bronzes of Baryl, crystal, and china; at each side an Algerian divan; beyond oaken arm-chairs carved in pointed arches, and on each side of the Venus of Milo, who stood opposite to the fireplace, were two colossal jars full of plants and flowers. Ample curtains, of a deep-toned scarlet, hung before the three windows and the doorway. These were spoils brought away by the poet from the shoulders of smugglers of Malaga and of Seville, to whom they served as capes during the day and as beds at night.

In the centre of the floor, covered with a great Java mat, with many colored designs, was extended the terrible spoils of a great white bear of the icy ocean, that had perhaps seen the brave and unfortunate Sir John Franklin pass by under the Arctic Pole. And then, over all these beautiful things, imagine floods of light poured forth from lamps of all forms and by myriads of wax-candles, modern lamps with arabesques, antique candelabra, in the style of Louis XIII., fixed to reflecting mirrors; in the centre a lustre of Bohemian glass, with leaves of green enamel, and lotus-flowers in opal with golden stems.

But it is time to go to supper; the oysters are opened. Let us descend into the little Winter garden, which the poet had constructed and decorated, where was before the court-yard of the house. Figure to yourself a light dome of glass, clothed with graceful climbers and creepers, tropical plants with exotic flowers; amid which humming-birds flitted to and fro, whilst nightingales warble in the leaves; burning lamps and candelabra twisting their golden branches amidst the foliage; and lastly, beneath this vault of light and verdure, a feast of Belshazzar. Supper was laid for sixty; the long table filled the Winter garden and the vestibule that preceded it, and which was adorned with Chinese lanterns, Japanese vases, cabinets of lacquer, yataghans, knives and other arms.

But instead of the sixty guests that were expected, some eighty to a hundred had come. It is always so at Alexander Dumas's, where each friend has a right to bring his friends to do honor to the French proverb. The great table had the good fortune to possess all the ladies—Belgian, French and Spanish—and they did justice to their host's hospitality. The viands, the pâtés, the fish, the melons, the dishes of fruit and flowers, circulated with a wondrous profusion. Rhine wines were poured out in floods as an accompaniment to oysters of Ostend; the Beaune did duty to a nearly similar extent to the pâtés d'Amiens; champagne frapeé attended upon the lobsters; whilst the grapes of Malaga and the oranges of Valence were kept company by the golden vintages of Xerxes, Val de Penas, Rota and Pajerete, compatriots of the savory fruits and of the señores and of the señoras who were imbibing them in our company.

Advertisements.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. Such a remedy is surely wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the wor